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Juliana of the Netherlands

"It is indeed a
lovely shirt, sir!"



Pelaco

STYLE * FIT * FINISH

Out of this World

By PETER GREY

SHE used to stop at the travel agency window most lunch times to look wistfully at the places she couldn't afford to visit, and to read details of cruises she would never take.

Jimmy Dale, whose work kept him at the window-side counter of the agency, got so accustomed to seeing her there some time between one and one-thirty that he was surprised if she was ever late, and, if by chance she didn't turn up at all, he would find himself inventing reasons to explain her absence.

He told himself that this was just one way of relieving the monotony of his work. It was like the morning coffee, or the afternoon tea—it broke up the day.

But when he found himself furiously disputing with Mr. Barker, the head clerk, his right to take his own lunch hour from two to three, he had to admit that perhaps the girl meant more to him than he thought.

"James," he said sternly to himself. "You're a fool."

He wished she would come into the agency with some query. He wanted to know the sound of her voice; where she lived; her name, and why she came each day to absorb herself in gaudy posters and romantic copy-writing about other parts of the globe.

During the quieter moments of the day he drew little dream fantasies about her, filling in the details with things he noticed about her as she stared into the window.

Some days she wore a monogram brooch, which glistened a gift "V" against the lapel of her black suit. . . Vera . . . ? Victoria . . . ? Violet . . . ? No, surely not Violet, though she seemed shy enough, alone eyes, and had deep velvety violet eyes.

One day there were little ink-stains on her fingers. Secretary? Accountant? Writer? Oh, he must find out!

Then, for several days, she did not come at all, and Mr. Barker had never found Jimmy so exasperating.

"I can't think why you keep going outside to look at the window, Dale," he said. "What's the matter with it?"

"Well, you see, it's the angle of vision, sir," said Jimmy glibly. "It's very difficult to judge from the inside just what strikes the public eye most forcibly."

"H'm," said Mr. Barker. "You've never shown such finesse before. And we're not a gown shop, you know. It isn't as important as all that."

But Jimmy persisted. He was determined to be outside next time she came along. She came again on Friday. Jimmy was standing just to one side of the window, with his head cocked in what he thought was a critical pose. He watched her look at the new South Seas poster.

When he saw that faraway wistful look creep into her eyes he went up to her and said briskly, but politely, "Excuse me, but I've got to ask you some questions. If you don't mind, that is."

Hastily he added, "This is my firm," (he jerked a thumb) "and

they have asked me to find out just why people look in the window. What they want to see, what they expect to see—"

"Very enterprising of them," she said guardedly. Her voice was low and full, and even with all the traffic noises in the background it seemed to steal across space and caress the ear.

Jimmy's bravado wilted a little. "It is, isn't it? But, tell me, why do you look into our window, for instance?"

"I often wonder," she said dreamily. "I expect it is because I like to think there may be places, somewhere, where life could be bright and gay. But I don't think your firm would think that much of an answer. People like me don't ever take cruises, and people who take cruises don't bother wasting time looking in the window."

Jimmy was suddenly occupied with three converging thoughts. A desire to prove to her that he was what he'd said he was—though she'd seemed to believe him readily enough; a further desire to ensure that he saw her again; and a consciousness that Mr. Barker was peering curiously out of the doorway.

"Oh, I don't know about that," he told her earnestly. "I think it would be of interest to the firm to go into your attitude fully. Perhaps you could step inside and give me your reaction to a few of our new travel pamphlets. I'd be very grateful for your comments."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," she replied. "I have to go back to my work soon."

"But you would give me your comments, wouldn't you?" Jimmy pleaded earnestly.

"If they'd be of any use, yes." And so they arranged she should come in one evening just before closing time, at her own convenience—Jimmy didn't want to appear too eager—during the following week.

He saw her on Monday evening as she came to the doorway of the agency, and left his place at the counter to meet her. It was nearly closing time; Mr. Barker was engaged in the private office with a client.

Hastily Jimmy grabbed his hat and a handful of pamphlets.

"I say," he said to her, "they're going to have a conference in here in a few moments. Would

"We're only just starting our travels," Jimmy said, grinning happily.

you mind very much if I asked you the questions over a cup of tea? I've brought these." He held out the leaflets as some evidence of his good faith.

She didn't quite know what to answer to this.

"There's a cafe across the street," he prompted.

Still she didn't reply. She seemed to be waiting for something. Suddenly Jimmy stuffed the leaflets into his pocket.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I ought to tell you. My firm didn't really ask me to find out what anybody thought about windows. I just said that to have some excuse to talk to you."

"About windows?" she said. Jimmy couldn't tell from her voice whether she was angry or not.

"Yes, in a way. You see, I've watched you for weeks looking in our window. I don't suppose you ever saw me until the other day, but my part of the counter is right behind the window and I can see everybody who looks in."

"My next train goes at seven-twenty," she said in a very low, even voice. "I always go into that cafe across the street if I miss the sixteen, and anybody can come in, I suppose." Please turn to page 4

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RON LASKIE

The NEW LIPSTICK CHARMOSAN



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Out of This World

Continued from page 3

JIMMY escorted her proudly across to the little cafe and ordered tea. He produced his leaflets again, and she looked through them, shyly commenting now and again.

At seven o'clock she said, "I must go for my train now." Was there a note of regret, he wondered?

"You can keep the pamphlets, if you like," he told her.

She took them eagerly, and was gone before he could say anything further.

Every evening after that he went across to the cafe and waited until seven o'clock. Sometimes she came, sometimes she caught the earlier train. But gradually, they became better acquainted.

She told him her name was Valerie, and about her longing to travel. She often attempted to work out how much money and time it would take.

Jimmy knew all about such things. It was his job—but somehow he had never found the subject so interesting before.

He used to plan details of cruises and year-long journeys, and tell her tales of the things she would be likely to see there, describing them as his agency pamphlets described them, in bright, glowing colors.

"Would you like to take a trip to Spain to-morrow?" he asked her one evening.

Valerie laughed. "Has the firm got out a new pamphlet?" she asked.

"No more make-believe," Jimmy told her seriously. "It's the real thing this time. And I'll guarantee you'll be back in time for the last train home."

"Idiot." "Come and see." "All right. Here? Straight from work?"

He nodded. It wasn't a very expensive restaurant, the Valencia, but it was definitely Spanish. It was designed to present a Spanish patio. The walls were modelled and painted to give the effect, and there were imitation barred windows in traditional style. In the centre there was a real fountain.

In the soft lights, if you were young and sentimental, it seemed a very beautiful place. Valerie loved it because she realised how hard Jimmy was trying to make her dreams come true.

"Oh, Jimmy," she said softly. "This is better than the pamphlets, anyway."

Jimmy grinned happily. "We've only started on our travels," he said. "You just wait."

About a week later they went to a Greek restaurant, and after that to a Chinese one. Finally it got to be so that Valerie would say, "Where do we go to next, Mr. Faraway?" And Jimmy would say something like, "Well, we have a nice nice inexpensive honeymoon trip to Denmark."

"Denmark?" Valerie would say. "Oh, no! That's not exotic enough for my mood. I want to go to Shanghai to-night."

So to Shanghai they would go, via Ah Kong's chop suey place.

It was in Madrid that Jimmy proposed to her. That is to say, in Lopez' Spanish restaurant. Valerie knew what was coming when Jimmy dropped his usual bantering tone.

She heard him out, and then said, simply, "Jimmy, you're a darling. You're going to think me awfully mean for saying this—"

Jimmy looked glum. "Saying what?" he asked. "As if I didn't know."

"I'm not just saying 'No,'" Valerie said. "I wish I could just say no, and leave it at that. But I think I ought to tell you that . . . Well, I made up my mind long ago that marriage hasn't got a chance unless people can do the things they want to do together. Of all the people I've ever met, you're the first I've ever felt I could marry. But I'm just not convinced . . ."

Valerie's voice trailed off in confusion. "I'm not putting this very well, am I?" she said sadly.

"I think I understand, though."

"We've had fun, Jimmy," she went on. "It's been wonderful, really it has. But we've only seen the happy side. The make-believe. We know we can't really do all the things we've pretended to do. But I'm one of those unfortunate people, who

must try to make their dreams realities. I'll always be like the Princess and the Mist to you, Jimmy—and you don't deserve that."

"I don't know about the Princess," said Jimmy. "Tell me about her."

Valerie gave him her wistful smile. "She was always asking her suitors for impossible things," she told him. "She thought the most beautiful thing in the world was the mountain mist, and would only marry the man who could bring her some in a silver bowl. And, of course, that was impossible."

"And your mountain mist is—?" "All the places we've pretended to visit. I want them—really."

"I'll get them for you, my darling," Jimmy said. "Someday I will."

"No, Jimmy," she said, "forget them. I wish we'd never started this game."

But Jimmy persisted, though Valerie tried to dissuade him. Often, as she saw him repeatedly disappointed in his attempts to get a new job, or to improve his position in the old one, she wished she had never set him, all unwillingly, such a seemingly hopeless task.

Then, one evening, he turned up in rather a subdued mood. They went to a Chinese cafe, and Jimmy tried hard to recapture the old spirit of make-believe, but the sparkle of spontaneity was gone. When they had finished their meal, instead of lingering over coffee as usual, he suggested a walk down to the harbor front.

They walked in silence, then Valerie became aware that Jimmy was speaking to her in low, earnest tones.

" . . . only too plain now . . . can never hope . . . but for you there is a chance . . ."

"Chance?" She seized upon the word that was the nucleus of so many hopes. "What chance, Jimmy?"

"I mean," said Jimmy slowly, "that you could go . . . unencumbered by me. There are circles in which you could mix which could lead to opportunity for you. I've been trying to pretend that I had as good a chance as anybody, but it's not true. You're wasting your time with me."

"Are you trying to say—" Valerie turned to look at him, but in the darkness she could not see his face very well. "That you think we should . . . part . . . for my sake?"

That was it, he said. Valerie looked out again, far, as far along the twinkling water as she could see . . . What was he saying now?

" . . . Jobs as air hostess agents, too. Faraways employ them in many foreign cities . . ."

She cut him short suddenly, laying her hand lightly on his arm.

"Jimmy, I didn't tell you all of my story about that Princess and the mountain mist."

"No?"

"No. Perhaps because I never believed in it. I only believed in the first part. You see, once the Princess had a suitor who didn't care how long or how hard he tried, or what he did, to fill that bowl. And one day she found him sitting sadly on the mountain side with the silver bowl beside him. He was very tired with chasing the elusive mists, and in despair he shook his head sorrowfully at her, and confessed his failure."

"Then, something happened that the Princess had never allowed for, and turning towards him, pointing to the bowl, she said, 'See! It is already full.' And it was full, as any bowl could be, if you set it on the ground in a mist."

"That sounds like a cheating answer," said Jimmy. "She couldn't take the mist away from the mountain side."

"She didn't really want the mist," Valerie said slowly. "It just symbolised for her a longing, a desire for something remote and unattainable. Everybody has such a symbol. Mine was foreign places. I want them still, but not as things to substitute for life, but to supplement it . . . And not just my life—our life."

She turned her back to the water that led to anywhere and leaned towards him. He gathered her in his arms, and for a moment or two there were no other places in the world . . . But then and There.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



MAJOR HARRY MANN

. . . fliers know him

PIONEER civil aviation identity

Major Harry Mann retired in Brisbane recently after more than 25 years' continuous service. He laid out dromes in W.A. for Perth-Derby mail service, put in drome service between Adelaide and Perth. Major Mann was district superintendent at Mascot from 1941 to 1947. In 1934 was Darwin controller of England-Australia air race. Last job organisation of Queensland regional office.



DR. ELIZABETH WILMOT

. . . dietetics, child health

WIDE experience in nutrition and child health work is possessed by Dr. Elizabeth Wilmot, of Corowa, N.S.W., winner of one of British Council scholarships for overseas study. She is a B.Sc., Melbourne University, holds a Dietitian Diploma and M.B., B.S. Has worked at Alfred Hospital (Melbourne) and Children's Hospital, Perth. Dr. Wilmot was school medical officer for Hobart, and first dietitian to Victorian Railways, believed first railway to make such an appointment.



MR. EDEN AHBEZ

. . . nature boy

COMPOSER of most sensational song-hit in years, "Nature Boy," Eden Ahbez was a fruit-picker a few months ago, possessing only a bicycle and a fruit-juice extractor. He was brought up in a Brooklyn, New York, orphanage, claims to have 50 songs on paper, has contracted for publication of two more songs from "Nature Boy" suite. Writes name in small letters, says only God is entitled to capitals. Ambitions: To own a cabin home, a jeep, and do a walking tour of India and Tibet.

The SOBBING WIND

PETE MADDEN slid a hand out of his fur gauntlet and rubbed the damp palm on his wolfskin parka. His face, under rumpled, tawny hair, was lean and strong and angry. He worked the hand back into the gauntlet and gripped the control wheel tightly, softly cursing his flight instruments.

For Pete had been flying blind, unable to see his own wingtips, through a slashing sub-Arctic blizzard for nearly two hours, and the strain was beginning to tell.

But it was not just the strain of flying. Pete glanced out of the corner of his eyes at the passenger in the co-pilot's seat.

Susan was staring into the blizzard, her mittened hands twisting restlessly at the Russian sable coat. He'd made her buy those fur-lined mittens, the ski-pants and the snow-boots, back in Bald River, before reluctantly consenting to bring her along on the trip.

It had been a heart-stopping shock to see his wife, more lovely and desirable than he remembered, walk into the hotel at Bald River and calmly greet him.

"Hello, Peter."

He'd reeled inwardly, managed to keep his face under control. "Susan! How—"

She smiled at him wanly. "How did I find you, Peter? There was a story in the papers back home about a mercy flight you'd made."

Pete stared down at her hungrily, feeling the old familiar fascination—and feeling, too, an urgent desire to run away again, from that charming but stubborn nose, that softly determined chin.

He took her arm and steered her out of the hotel, into the sharp cold.

"I thought you'd have divorced me by now—and forgotten me," he said bluntly.

"Divorced you! But Peter, I couldn't—I—"

He kissed her then, and she laughed up at him joyously. "Peter—you do love me, don't you?"

He nodded. "I've always loved you, Susan. I'll never stop loving you—never."

"Then—you'll come home?"

He'd released her. "No."

"Peter—"

"I'm sorry, Susan. I've got to get started back to Yellowknife. I have a very important shipment for the mines, some machinery they're needing badly." You liar! You've got a bad weather report and had intended saying here.

Susan bit her lip, then shrugged. "I'll go with you, Peter. We must talk this thing through. After all—"

So here they were—caught. Caught badly. And in a while he knew that it was useless to go on. The only hope was to attempt a landing and wait for the blizzard to blow over.

The murk below had lightened visibly, but it was only his skill and nerve that presently brought the plane safely down on a frozen lake; and for a moment Pete just sat there and slumped over the wheel.

Susan touched his arm. "Peter, how long will we be here?"

"Until the blizzard blows over. Maybe a few hours, maybe a few days."

He taxied upwind, ran the plane into the shelter of trees on the shore, cut the switches. Then, jumping down on to the ice, he opened the door of the baggage compartment, stamping his feet to restore circulation, hauled out a canvas cover, and secured it over the engine.

Kneeling the aircraft critically, he decided that she would be all right for a few hours without tying down, so dug into the compartment for a short axe.

"Come on, Susan, let's get out of the wind." He helped her down from the plane, then led the way up the bank, breaking trail. It was difficult walking, because the snow was knee-deep, but in a moment they were shoving their way into a thick clump of tall cedars.

Snow cascaded down from the disturbed trees, and then they were

in a tiny clearing where it was only ankle-deep and they were sheltered from the wind which sobbed through the tree-tops over their heads.

Pete selected a small thick cedar, began to chop at its base. Less than ten minutes later, fire crackled up through the oily wood.

Susan held her hands out to the blaze. Pete cut down another small tree for reserve fuel, then piled the green branches near the fire. "There you are, Susan. Sit down here."

He pulled out his pipe and pouch, flung back the hood of his parka. He had the pipe drawing comfortably when he saw her shift away from the fire a little. She was thawing out. Soon it would come.

At length Susan sighed, then said in a flat voice, "The gossip around home is that you suffered from amnesia."

Pete nodded faintly. "You encouraged it, no doubt."

Her voice sharpened. "It was a shabby trick. What was I to think? One day, without any warning whatsoever, you go out to the flying club, get into your silly little plane—and disappear into the blue!"

He shrugged. "I wired you the next day that I was all right—that you weren't to try to find me. You've wanted for nothing. I've sent you money regularly. And that 'silly little plane' has grown into a nice big freighter. I had a successful business up in this country."

"But why, Peter?" Her voice broke. "Why did you run out on me like that? We were happy—I thought—"

Pete cursed under his breath. How could he tell her? Tell her that she drove him crazy meddling in his business affairs.

He had been a misfit, inheriting a business for which he had no flair or liking. But he had stuck to it for Susan's sake—charming Susan, the social leader of her set, tidy little Susan, who made such a fetish of her home and her possessions.



Pete stood waiting, gazing at the fire, knowing that very soon Susan would talk.

Even that would not have been so bad, if she had confined her efforts to her home. But, no—she knew the firm was not doing so well—and Susan insisted on helping him. She overrode his decisions, reorganised things at the office, and was almost invariably right.

That was the hurt—that she was a good manager and he was a failure. Routine irked him so much that the only way he could make life bearable was to join a local flying club and work off steam in the air.

Then, one day, he had flown

away into this north country, and, starting the hard way with a small plane, had worked up to a fairly prosperous freighting business.

Pete went around the fire and sat down beside his wife.

"Susan, I was a failure. You knew it, I knew it—everyone knew it. I had to get away."

She turned her head and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "But, Peter, I was helping you. We would soon have had the business on its feet."

"No," he corrected gently. "You

would have had the business on its feet."

She stood up, turned her back to him. "It's your pride. Your stubborn pride."

"Susan—I'm doing well up here. I've got a nice promising little freighting line. I love you—need you—want you. We could build a home in Yellowknife. We could be happy."

She swung round, her mouth tight. "If you really love me, you wouldn't ask me to give up my home."

"I don't want to live in your home. I want to live in my home."

"Peter, I'd go mad. I couldn't stand it. We were happy, Peter, weren't we? Is your flying business

By . . .

**KEITH
EDGAR**

is prosperous you can sell it for a good price and return with me. That would save your pride, wouldn't it?"

Peter's shoulders sagged. He had known it was no use. No use at all. He turned abruptly and strode away through the trees. Then suddenly, looking up, he was surprised to find that it was clearing. He hurried back to the fire and began to kick snow over it.

"Come on, Susan, you'll sleep in a nice warm hotel to-night. The blizzard is blowing away."

An hour later, as they were coming into Yellowknife, Pete glanced at Susan. She was staring down with patent disapproval at the little town.

The aircraft set down on the lee of the narrows and taxied up to her log ramp. Pete had barely switched off the engine when his parka-clad mechanic came out of the small shack and proceeded to tie the ship down. He eyed Susan curiously, then shouted, "Hi, Pete! Have a good trip? Heard there's some weather floating round!"

Pete opened the door and climbed out. "I had to land and let it blow over." He opened the door on Susan's side and assisted her down.

"Well, here we are. Let's find something to eat."

Susan had time for only a quick impression of the town, her eyes widening as they passed bearded, fur-clad miners, a brown-cowled priest, a team of huskies driven by a startlingly pretty girl who greeted Pete in rapid French, a couple of Indian children who stared at her curiously—then they turned into the door of a low log building which proclaimed itself the "Wildcat Cafe."

Pete was holding her chair at one of the oilcloth-covered tables when a sunny-visaged Chinese approached them and bobbed his head. "Hungry, Pete? The stew is good."

"Sure, Mah. Susan, this is Mr. Mah Gow, the best cook in the north. Mr. Gow, my wife."

The Chinese bowed. "Welcome to Yellowknife, Mrs. Madden. Your first trip to our famous city?"

Pete saw her stiffen, then relax, and she said gravely, "Yes, Mr. Gow."

Their table was near the red-hot stove, and Susan threw her coat off her shoulders, looking round the room at the other diners, all male.

She leaned across the table. "Doesn't anyone shave round here?" She rolled her eyes to indicate a room full of beards.

Pete snorted. "Only the married men. They don't eat in either of the restaurants."

"You mean that men actually bring their wives up here?"

"Why not? Pioneer women always go with their men."

She drew back and at the same time withdrew into herself. Their food arrived and they ate in constrained silence.

When they had finished, Pete said with elaborate casualness, "Shall we go down to my office? I have a little book work to do, and we can talk there in privacy."

Susan nodded wearily. "How long must I stay here?"

Pete hesitated until he could speak without betraying his feelings, then told her, "There'll be a CPA plane going out in the morning. I'll get you a seat on it."

Outside, it was night, and a high-riding moon ducked behind scudding clouds.

Susan drew her coat tight round her. In the moonlight her face was wan and eerily beautiful. Pete took her arm to guide her down the uncertain path to his office shack.

It took him a minute to light the kerosene lamp, and when he looked up she was leaning against the log wall, her face tired and drawn.

Pete wanted to talk to her, but he couldn't find the right words. He took a deep breath.

"Well, Susan," he said, "make yourself at home. I'll go down to the plane and get your bag." He strode out of the door.

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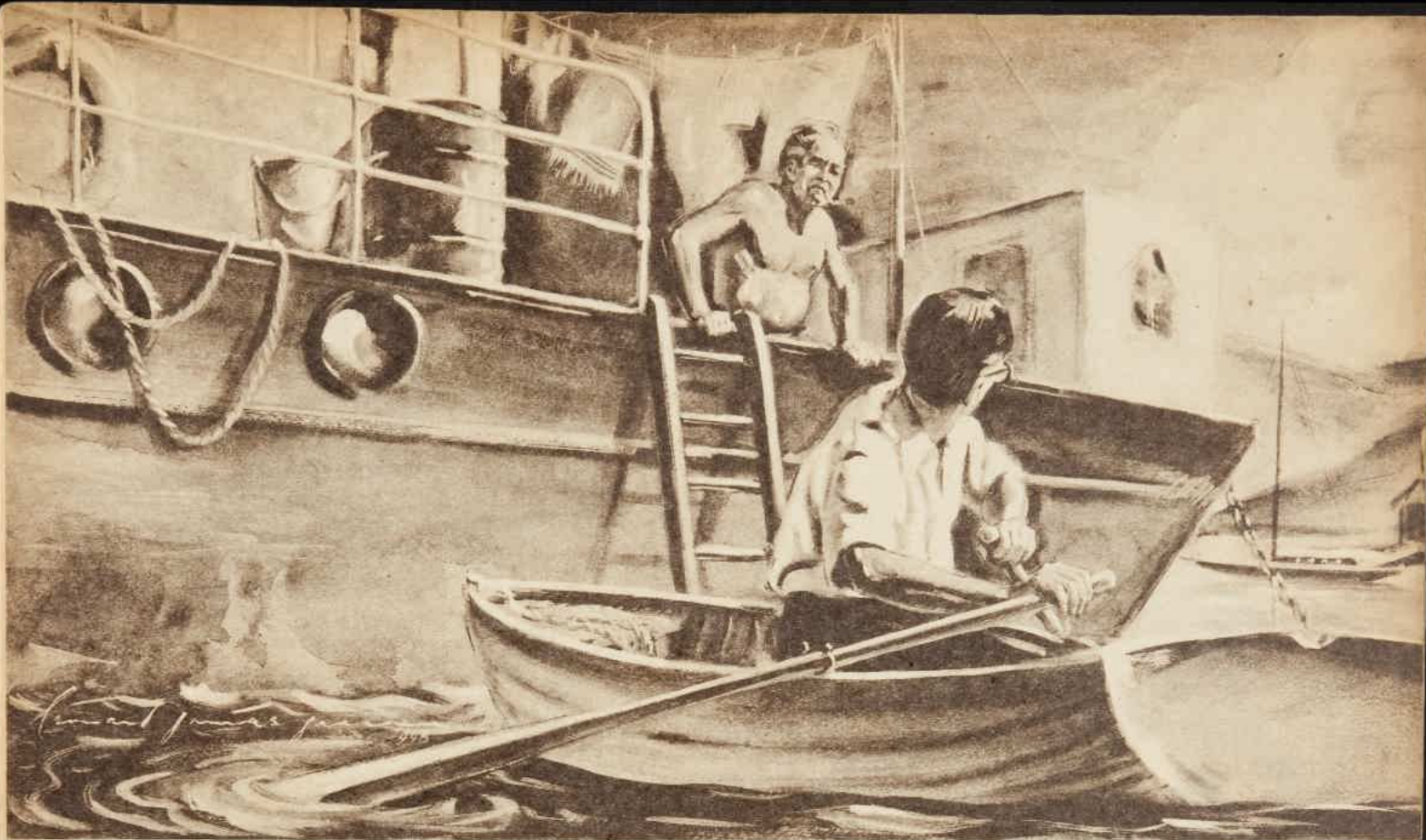
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Medley stood at the top of the ladder, eyeing Edgar thoughtfully as he prepared to row away.

THE CLIFFSIDE CASE

LIONEL HONEYMAN, about to be divorced by his attractive wife, POLLY, is found shot dead in the garden after he has turned up uninvited at a house party at "Cliffside," home of EDGAR RUTHERFORD.

Edgar's guests are FENELLA SHAW, his cousin; OWEN SHELTON, in love with Polly; ELISE PRESTON, engaged to DR. JOHNNY BARLOW. SUNNY ELLIOT, a distant relative, is his housekeeper.

Suspecting that Lionel intended to try to upset the divorce, Polly had arranged for herself and Elise to go and spend the night on HUGH MEDLEY'S houseboat, which is anchored close by.

Cross-examined by DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN, in charge of investigations with DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, Elise makes it apparent that Polly made a last-minute change in her plans.

Now read on—

SILENCE followed Elise's announcement. Grogan turned from her to Polly, and it was as when a spotlight, having lightly played over the minor characters on the stage, finally comes to rest on the star.

Polly was the only one who was known to have wished the dead man out of her way, the only one whose movements round the time of his murder looked as though they might be hard to explain.

She said now, lightly: "Thanks, Elise, dear! Kind of you to mention that I'd said I'd go on board at nine and was still round here at ten!"

"Oh, I only meant—"

Johnny stopped her quickly: "Better shut up, darling."

Polly went on: "It's perfectly simple though it mayn't seem so. I went up to my bedroom at nine o'clock and changed out of my dinner frock. I meant just to take one or two things for the night and leave. But I got the idea that I should try to see Lionel again."

She was speaking as though to herself.

"You know how it is—or maybe you don't—half of you wants to try to put things right and the other half knows it's impossible. Impossible to make him see that one was sorry, and yet that to separate was the only thing for us both. And so on, and so on. . . . I went on hesitating in my mind for an hour."

"And did you see him again?" Grogan asked.

"No, I didn't." She smiled her bitter-sweet smile. "Common sense prevailed!"

"Took a long time to do it, didn't it? Up in your room there a whole hour?"

She smiled again. "An hour! Why, it took a whole seven years, Inspector. And now I wonder if it would have gone on prevailing—common sense, I mean—if he hadn't died." She sketched a gesture, weary, faintly final, and sat down again.

There was a stir in the room. Manning shifted triumphantly—and the constable took a look at her before he recorded her words.

Owen got up suddenly, as though he couldn't play this part of indifference any more. He said, "That was a stupid thing to say. But nobody's going to suggest that Mrs. Honeyman shot her husband, are they? Anyone who thinks that—"

"Look, Mr. Shelton," Grogan silenced him smartly, "we don't want your views on the subject just at the moment, thanks. Nobody's friends, ever do a murder. Don't you know that? They just let off the gun by accident."

"But she didn't let off any gun at all!" Owen said furiously.

Johnny said: "Even if she were capable of such a thing, would she need to when she'd just got rid of him by divorce?" They were both standing, both defending Polly.

"Very reasonable, Dr. Barlow, but murder's not a reasonable act."

You'll notice how often people commit it when it serves their purpose worst." He turned to Polly. "So after you went to your room at nine o'clock you didn't see your husband again?"

"No."

"You didn't go down and view the body, or leave the house at all?"

"No. I went straight back to my room from the billiard-room, when they told me he was dead."

Grogan got up and went over to where she was sitting. He said: "Look, Mrs. Honeyman, I suggest your whole statement's untrue."

She straightened up in her chair. "What? . . ."

"Those shoes of yours—" He pointed his pencil down at them.

"Can you slip those shoes on and off without untying them?"

"No. Why . . . of course not. I mean—"

"No." He stooped lower and pointed at her right foot. "Then how did you come by that blade of grass under the tie?"

Polly's shoes were navy-blue suede with white platforms and eyelets,

"So you admit then that you went out and saw your husband between nine and ten?"

"Oh, no I don't. I mean, I admit I left my room, but I didn't see him. I went down the hillside meaning to talk to him, but changed my mind and turned back."

"What time was that?"

"I don't know. I didn't look at the time."

"You don't know? All right, say you were in your room half an hour—twenty minutes—forty—anything you like. The point is, you're asking me to believe that you spend all this time doing all this hard thinking about seeing him again, and then, when you've decided to have a talk with him, you go down the hill and turn back for no reason at all?"

Polly said quietly, "Yes, I know I told you how thin it would sound."

"How far down the hill did you get?"

"About half way, perhaps."

"Did you get within sight of that seat that's on the hill just before where the body was found?"

"No. I turned back soon after passing the garden-room."

"And you didn't catch sight of your husband in the distance?"

"No."

"Or hear him talking to anyone?"

"No!"

"And you can't give any reason why you changed your mind?"

She looked down, shaking her head slightly. "No. It just seemed—all of a sudden . . . useless."

Edgar broke in suddenly, as though to cover the painful thinness of Polly's statement: "Look here, Inspector, there's something I've just thought of—I'd forgotten about it till this moment. It may have something to do with this shooting."

"Oh, what's that, Mr. Rutherford?"

"To-night, a bit after nine, a man turned up here and said he wanted to see me—a stranger—and behaved pretty queerly. I was coming across the grass as he was going to ring the front door-bell. He came down the

steps again to meet me."

"You hadn't ever seen him before?"

"Never, to my knowledge. Didn't know him from Adam."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Are you Mr. Rutherford?' and I said, 'Yes,' and he said he wanted to speak to me a minute, in private. So I said, 'O.K., come inside.' But just then I was called to the telephone, a business call from Melbourne. I must have been there close on half an hour, getting through and all that. When I came out this little bloke was gone."

Grogan ran his eye round the circle of blank faces. "Anyone else see this visitor?"

"Yes," Edgar looked at Sunny. "Miss Elliott saw him."

Sunny said faintly: "Yes, I saw him."

Grogan's face was blank. He asked: "What did he look like? Was he a tramp, beggar or something?"

Edgar said: "Oh no, he was quite well-dressed."

"How was he dressed? Blue suit? Tweeds?"

"Couldn't say for certain. You wouldn't notice much what he looked like. Rather small and thin—middle-aged—grey haired—rather grey in the face, too."

As though taking her cue again, Sunny put in: "The man looked ill. I thought. His hand was trembling when he pulled off a match to light a cigarette. I only saw him for a moment. Mr. Rutherford said to me, 'Take Mr. Smith into the drawing-room,' but he said he'd rather wait outside."

Grogan looked at Edgar. "Mr. Smith? Thought you said a minute ago you didn't know him from Adam?"

"I didn't, either. It was the first name that came into my head."

"Did you have to introduce him?"

"I suppose not. I—it was just a social impulse, I suppose."

Grogan nodded shortly. He said: "Well, that's all for now. We don't want to keep you folk up all night."

Please turn to page 10

Page 7

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 9, 1948

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Love me, Love my doghouse

By JAMES LAMB FREE

STEVE KIRBY sat quietly shuddering, watching the huge black dog gallop through his repertoire of parlor retrieving tricks, to the great detriment of Nancy's spotless house. He was beginning to understand her irate phone call.

"Steve Kirby," she had said, firmly, "you come out here and do something about Moorehead and this—this animal you sold him."

Steve had seen many retriever-happy men, but Eager Moorehead was plainly the worst. And, unfortunately, he had made his discovery by acquiring a quite fantastic animal.

Ebony Sport of Glenfield had been the freak of the litter, a throwback to some remote ancestor. Also, he had forgotten to stop growing. Now he had feet like snowshoes, the build of a truckhorse, and the soul of a lap dog.

Few people remembered the name on Eager Moorehead's birth certificate. At school he had been known successively as Loony, Maniac, and Madman Moorehead. He had a single-track mind and was always obsessed with a burning enthusiasm for some new pursuit.

When Steve first met him, he had become Eager Beaver Moorehead, which was shortened to Eager.

With a grin he said now, "Watch this one, Steve. There's a dish of fruit on the dining-room table." He turned to the dog.

"Sport!" he commanded, "fetch me a banana."

Sport bounded happily across Nancy's neat living-room, and disappeared into the dining-room. There was a clanging, scrabbling sound. After a moment he returned, tenderly carrying a banana.

He was followed closely by Nancy, her lovely face pale with rage. Steve had never before seen her really angry with her husband, not even when the bees he was keeping in the backyard swarmed and stung her. Or when he replaced the lawnmower with a pair of goats, who proceeded to eat Nancy's prize roses instead of the grass.

But now she stood in the doorway—speechless.

At last she choked, "Moorehead, that beast was up on my Hepplewhite table. He scratched the satinwood inlay."

Then she caught sight of Steve, hunched deep in a chair.

"And you, Steve Kirby," she said coldly. "The dog expert. Will you kindly tell my husband this brute is not a house dog?"

"Nancy's right," mumbled Steve. "I told you to keep him outside."

"Sport doesn't like it out there," Eager explained.

"You're ruining a good dog with all this nonsense in the house. You should work him outside," Steve said.

"He's a retriever, isn't he?" argued Eager. "He likes to fetch me things."

"Perhaps," said Nancy, "he would like to fetch you a new wife." Eager walked over and took her hand.

"Now, now, darling," he said. "Don't you darling me." She jerked her hand away.

Steve got up.

"Sit down," protested Eager, taking him by the arm. "Nancy is only joking. You haven't seen anything yet."

"I've seen enough," said Steve. "I raised this dog and I trained him. Clumsy as he is, he was a pretty good duck and pheasant dog. You've had him two weeks and now he's a banana retriever and a house wrecker."

"Don't be stuffy," said Eager. "You and your fancy field trial dogs."

Nancy said thoughtfully, "What's wrong with field trials? If Sport is so wonderful why don't you win some ribbons, like Steve, and like Harry Smythe-Jones? You could put the dog with a good professional trainer and—"

Eager interrupted indignantly. "Put Sport in a training kennel? Not on your life. You can have retriever trials and you can have Smythe-Jones and all the other

snobs who stand round watching professionals handle their dogs. All they care about is winning trophies. They don't care about their dogs."

"There are a lot of nice people in the trials," said Steve stiffly. "They aren't all like Smythe-Jones." Again he stood up to leave, but again Eager pushed him back into his chair.

"Just one more retrieve, Steve. This time, you name it."

Steve groaned and looked at the dog, who now sprawled motionless in the middle of the floor.

"Oh, all right," he sighed. "Have him bring me a beer."

A gleam appeared in Eager's eye. "By golly," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that one."

Nancy said in frigid tones, "If you send that brute pawing through my refrigerator—"

"Now don't get excited. I'll take a bottle of beer out of the refrigerator and hide it in the pantry." Eager disappeared into the kitchen, while Steve sat very quietly, avoiding Nancy's eye.

In a few minutes Eager returned. "Now, Sport," he said, "fetch Mr. Kirby a bottle of beer."

Sport exploded into action. With a mighty scrambling and clawing at the waxed floor he got under way, missed collisions with assorted antiques, and was going away nicely as he crossed the hall and burst through the swinging door into the kitchen, where he could be heard skidding round on the linoleum.

Then his heavy footsteps receded, and there was silence for a moment, followed by an enormous crash of breaking dishes.

"Evidently," said Steve, "he

flourish. Then he turned to Nancy and said, "Sorry, dear, about the bric-a-brac. But did you ever see such a retriever? A bottle or beer hidden in the pantry!"

Nancy rose to her feet, drew herself up, and said angrily, "That monster goes out. If he enters this house again, I will leave it."

The following Saturday afternoon Steve was out at his kennels working a young dog when he saw Eager Moorehead coming across the yard with Sport walking at heel.

"I'm glad you're returning him," grinned Steve. "I think you're wise."

"I'm not returning him," said Eager. Then his face flushed and he said abruptly, "I think I'll enter Sport in the Rolling Meadows trials."

"You? Enter a trial?"

"Well," said Eager gloomily, "it might give the dog a little fun. We're both in the doghouse. Sport just sits in his gaol in the yard and howls."

"Save your entry fee," said Steve gently. "He wouldn't last long enough in a trial to have much fun."

Eager bristled. "You never did appreciate this dog."

"The novice stake this year is for members only," said Steve patiently. "Harry Smythe-Jones insisted on that, when he donated the trophy for it. He's the only member with a real novice dog, and he appears to be a certainty to win his own cup. The only other stake will be the open all-age."

"Well, then," said Eager, "I'll join your silly club."

"You have to be proposed by a director and passed unanimously by the board."

"Like that?" sneered Eager. "I thought it was supposed to be open to any lover of retrieving dogs."

"Not any more," said Steve. "Not since Smythe-Jones and his pals got control away from the more sporting element in the club. But I'm still a director and I'll be glad to propose you."

"That's big of you."

Steve grinned and said, "Look at your field trial dog now."

Sport was near the kennel, pawing through a pile of wooden duck decoys. He selected one, picked it up, and trotted across the yard and offered it to Eager.

"We'd better brush him up on going through decoys," Steve observed. "A trial is not a scavenger hunt."

Steve set out several decoys on the ground and walked the dog through them, backwards and forwards, with a short leash on him. Each time he tried to grab one, Steve restrained him sharply with the leash and said "No." Then Eager tried it and Sport kept looking up at him with confusion and reproach in his eyes.

Then at last a great light seemed to dawn on him. He looked up at

Eager as if to say, "I see! You don't want these wooden ducks." After that he scarcely looked at them, as Eager walked him through once more.

Then they went down to the small lake on Steve's place and Steve put the decoys in the water and rowed out beyond them in the boat. He fired a blank shot and tossed a shackled mallard in the water, an old tame hen he used for training.

Sport sat beside Eager on the shore, watching. "Go ahead," shouted Steve. "Send him."

Eager pointed at the duck and said, "Sport!" and with a mighty splash the big dog entered the water. He swam straight through the decoys, his eyes never leaving the duck. He took the bored bird gently in his mouth, turned and swam in and smartly delivered it up to Eager. "How do you like that?" yelled Eager.

Please turn to page 23



"If that dog enters this house again I'll leave it," Nancy said angrily.

who
me?

Yes!
you young lady...

Now is the time to realise how easy it is to plan for your future happiness. To plan for more enjoyable holidays; for those pretty things so good for your morale; for a lovelier trossseau and the little extras which will make your future home so much more beautiful.

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P

ETE found the plane snugly tied down, the canvas covers secured over the engine and wings. He climbed up into the cockpit and turned the beam of a torch back into the cabin. Susan's bag had been placed on top of the crated cargo which filled the cabin space almost to the roof.

Then he twisted around with the bag in his lap, switched off the flashlight, and, in the darkness, stared at the radium dials on the instrument panel.

Pete ran a hand over the control wheel, feeling vaguely frightened. The sense of loss since he had left Susan had been assuaged by pure hard work and accomplishment. But now his wife was here, and the realization that he had lost her was poignant and chilling.

Always there had been the thought in the back of his mind that when his success was secure he could go home, explain himself to her—and in his dreams Susan had always understood, and returned with him, happy in his triumph. But this reality now was so different.

He shifted her bag in his lap. Somehow Susan's personality was right there with him, personified by this inert piece of luggage.

Pete touched the throttle knob, caressing the controls with his fingers. He loved this thing of steel and aluminium and wood and canvas. Yes, in flying he had found himself—and lost Susan.

Suddenly he cursed—cursed himself for being selfish and proud and stubborn. He was placing this machine and what it represented above the woman who loved him, letting his perspective become warped and misshapen. Hadn't he proved he was not a failure after all?

So he could return with her and prove it all over again among her friends—and then Susan would be proud and happy. And they would be together.

The decision was a profound relief. He climbed down from the aircraft, slammed the door, and strode back to his office.

"Susan," he said, without preliminary, "if you will wait over for a few days I'll return with you. It will take a little time to sell my freight line, but I think I can find a ready buyer and finish the thing quickly."

Startled surprise leapt into her eyes, and she rose. "Pete! You—you'd do that for me?"

He nodded, and said simply, "I love you."

In two seconds she was across the office and into his arms, her head buried in his shoulder.

"Pete—Pete! Now I know that

The Sobbing Wind

Continued from page 5

you love me—I'll never doubt it again!"

He stroked her head, murmuring, "Susan, my wife—I've missed you so much, I can't let you go—not again."

She raised her head, and her wide brown eyes were full of tears. "Peter, I'm afraid you must."

He dropped his arms to his sides. "What?" Susan—

Susan backed away from him and leaned against the desk. "Peter, I'm not blind. I've been seeing how wrapped up you are in your plane—what it means to you. You're happy, Peter, in this cold, bitter country."

"But, Susan—I love you—I'm ready to return with you."

She twisted her handkerchief in her hands and shook her head.

BUTCH



"That's a break. The cops hit the taxi-meter."

"I shouldn't have come, Peter—but you see, I had to. Now I understand—that you'd be perfectly happy here, if it weren't for me. You'd come back with me—yes. But you will be miserable for the rest of your life. I couldn't do that to you, Peter. You see, I love you too, love you so much that I just can't ruin your life again. No—I'll go out on the morning plane. It will be easier knowing that you still care for me, and that you're happy in your new life. I guess—I guess it's just one of those things, Peter."

He felt as if the floor had given way beneath him. He thought the problem had been settled, and now it wasn't. Pete drew a deep breath and started to speak.

There was a perfunctory knock.

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 7

makes lots of enemies and one of them lays for him in a quiet spot some night."

He got up and went over to the desk. "Have a drink?"

"Not just at the moment thanks, but you go ahead."

Grogan strolled over to the chair Edgar had just got up from, and, as though idly, lifted the cushions and dropped them back again.

Edgar turned, glass in hand. "Looking for something?" His tone was dry.

"Well, you see, we haven't located the weapon yet."

"Oh, so that's it, is it? Well, you won't find it here." He drank the whisky and put down his glass.

"It's just a routine affair, you know. This room of yours'd be very convenient half way between where the shooting took place and the house."

Edgar shrugged. "Of course, I don't know the first thing about police methods, but just why would you expect to find a small thing like a revolver on a property this size?"

"Well, when people hide things, their minds work very simply, nine times out of ten, and they just stuff them away in the most obvious place. You know how you read of people hiding money in mattresses or behind picture frames."

"That's true."

"After all, if you haven't got time to bury a thing or don't want to get rid of it for good and throw it into

the sea, where would you hide it—say, in this room?"

Edgar's narrow black eyes took a casual look round. It might have been a parlor game that the Inspector was inviting him to. The glance took in the untidy desk, a table with smoking things and magazines, the big chairs, the divan, the rug.

Then his glance came back to the Inspector—a big man, as tall as himself, black hair, too, but grey eyes that looked as open as the fellow was cunning!

"Well, now you ask me, Inspector, I couldn't say. The desk—down the back of a chair. But those are the very first places you'd go snooping in, aren't they?"

"Too right they are. A constable that's used to the job can go over a room in five minutes and not miss a pin. After a crime like this, if you search at once before anyone's had time to think it over like, the chances are..."

"I see. The chances are they'd just have pushed it into the mattress or behind a picture-frame."

"Meaning to find a safer place later." Suddenly, the Inspector took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "My word, you must feel the cold."

Edgar laughed. "You mean the fire?" He walked over to it as though he welcomed it, as though he were enjoying its warmth.

It was quite a fire, too. The flames cracked and leapt, and in the centre a big log looked solid enough to burn till morning.

Please turn to page 15

NEW STYLES FOR SUNNING

● Two versions of this season's styles are the classic sleek one-piece in wool or lastex and the frilled two-piece with frivolous ruffles, bustles, and little bows.

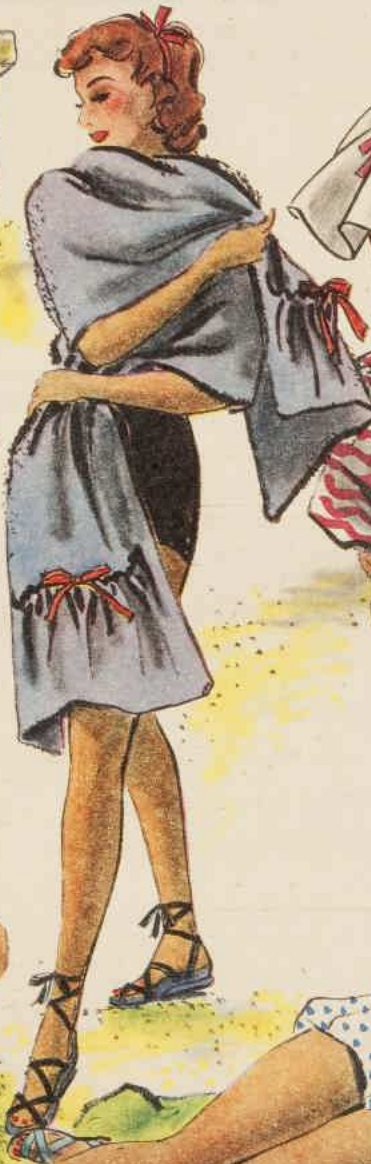


● With a two-piece costume wear the matching beach dirndl skirt below, right. Have it low down to the hips to show the smallness of your waist. The frills give a new hippy look.

● Clever cape at right folds under the arms to button at the back, giving the effect of loose sleeves from the front. It matches the plaid cotton dirndl skirt edged with white around hem.



● Most practical beach accessory this year is the stole of terry towelling, at right, with two handy pockets at each end. Use it as a wrap, towel, or as a sheet to lie on the sand for sunbaking.



● An American one-piece bloomer suit, below left, is done in spotted cotton with bloomers streamlined and slenderised. Neckline is edged by off-shoulder bertha.

● Claire McCardell, American designer, makes the romper suit, below. Halter shawl top is gathered into waist of shorts with white cord.



● Terry towelling, loved by American designers for all beach accessories, makes the little beach hood above. The costume is of white jersey with a shirred top gathered on to plain bands of pale green. The shoes, just to be different, have covered-up backs, no fronts.

Rene

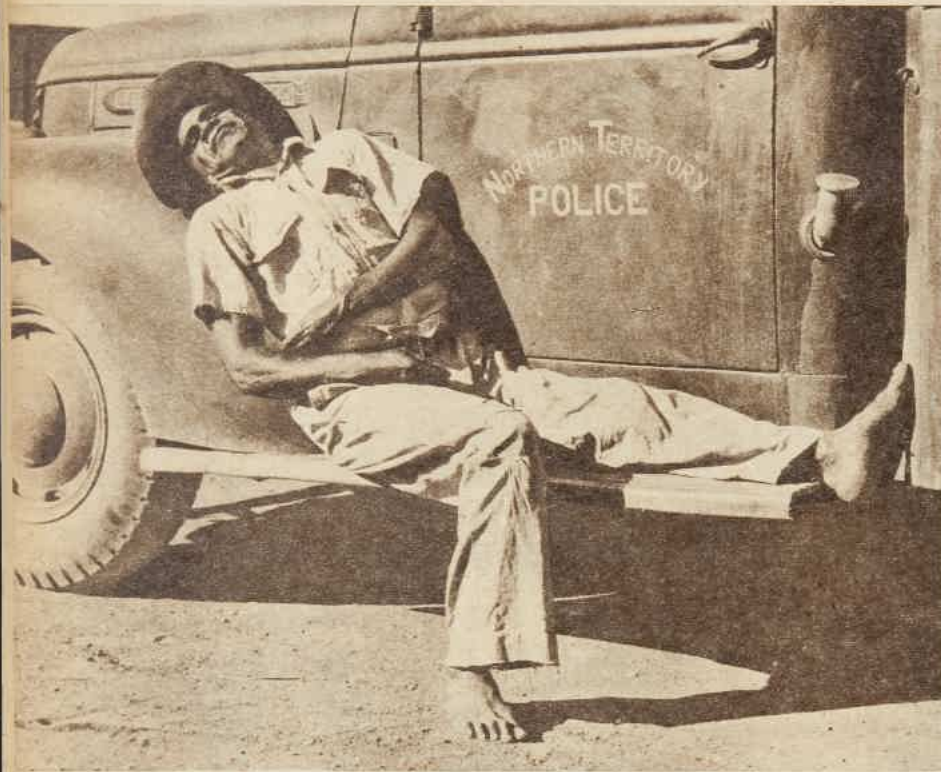


CAMELS are still one of the Centre's most reliable modes of transport. Rugged country such as this of the James Range is typical of the Central Australian landscape, and is now familiar territory to motor coach and air tourists.



PATRONS attending open-air movies at Alice Springs come in topcoats, keep their hats on for warmth, bring their own rugs. It's cold in winter at "the Alice," hot in summer. But film-going is on informal side, whatever the weather.

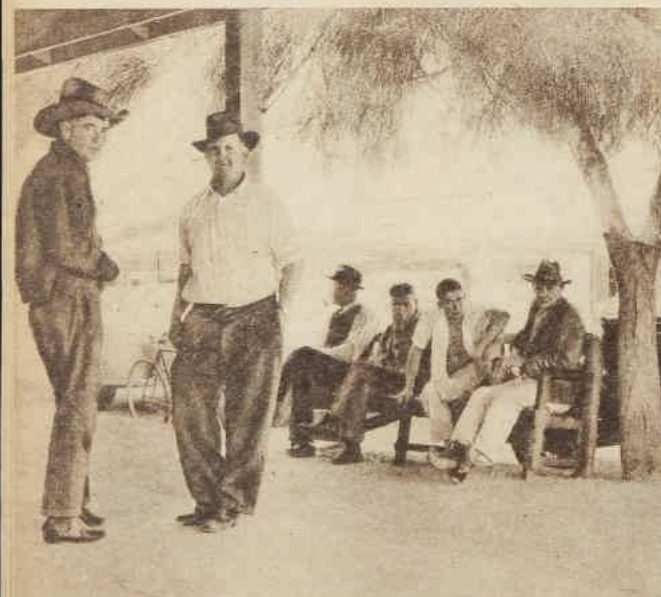
"The Alice" is modern, but still picturesque



SIESTA-TIME for Jackie, full-blooded black-tracker of Tenant Creek police station. In spare time Jackie is valet to local police officers, specialises in laundering their clothes.



MEN, dogs, and trucks like these make the Centre what it is, help to supply its color and character. Nearly every man has his dog, depends on him as worker and constant companion.



NORTHERN street scene. Alice Springites make themselves comfortable, don't hurry without cause. Photo taken in front of Stuart Arms Hotel. Another big hotel is now being built.



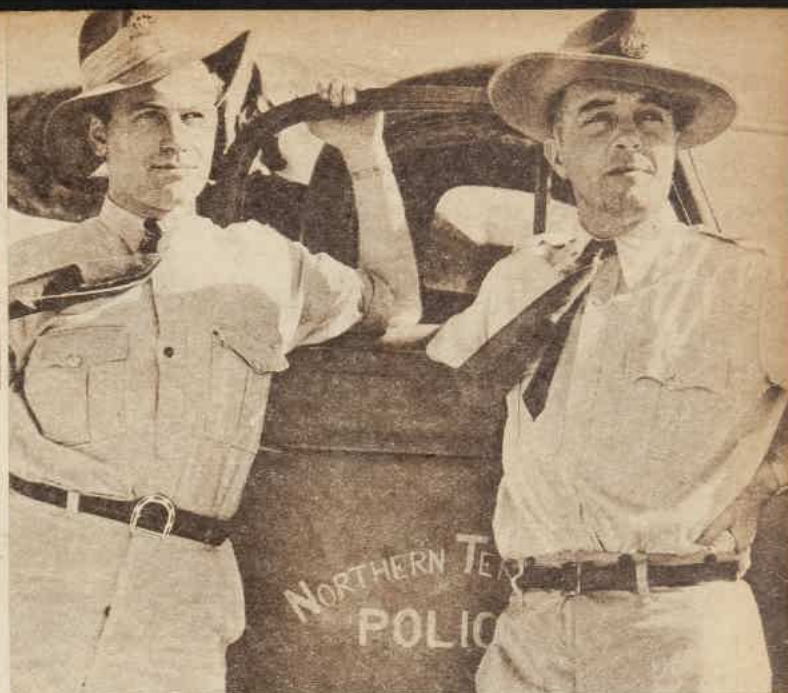
MODERN fluorescent-lit, wire-windowed classroom at Alice Springs State School. Whites and coloreds share facilities without discrimination. Mr. Haines is headmaster, Miss Joanna Van Senden his assistant. The school is equipped with public address system and radio.



TOWN WATER SUPPLY. Alice Springs is built over basin of crystal-clear water, each house has windmill, its own vegetable garden. Army put in many tanks during war, another is going up. Town has modern sewerage system.

★ **ALICE SPRINGS**, unofficial capital of what was once known as "the dead heart of Australia," is to-day lively, go-ahead, and the centre of a flourishing tourist trade. For all that, "the Alice," as it is affectionately called, remains a strange mixture of modern and primitive ways of life.

Though it has a Flying Doctor service, up-to-date hospital, and gaol, it is still full of interesting and colorful characters. "The Alice," with its dust, flies, monotone houses, and mixed white and colored population, was given a blood transfusion during the war when the Army and Allied Works Council injected their presence. These pictures show that Alice Springs has kept its strengthened heart-beat.



"MOUNTIES" from Tennant Creek are young and husky. John Gordon (left) and Max Gilbert wear suitable uniform.



DRAWING CLASS for eight-year-olds at Hermannsburg Mission Station. Teacher, Miss Hilda Wurst, shows them how to work with colored chalks. Left is famous aboriginal artist Albert Namatjira's youngest child.



PETER, bearded drover, helps bring 1300 cattle from Inverway Station, 500 miles away, safely into Phillips Creek.

AMPHIBIOUS JEEP with trailer for additional supplies is used for kangaroo hunting, favorite sport in Central Australia.

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All eyes will be on *your* loveliness gleaming beneath Jantzen's dazzling *Velva-sheen*. *Velva-sheen* that scintillates on you . . . that catches those lovely lights on your figure . . . wet or dry! So be attractive while you're active. Jantzen takes care of everything — even the look in his eyes . . . and the cut and comfort of his gabardine boxer trunks.

She wears one of the five exotic prints you will find in Jantzen's "Glamorous You" of lustrous *Velva-sheen* with two-way stretch. Remember, *Velva-sheen* has contour control knitted into the fabric. The gracefully looped bra is styled to flatter and mould the bust. Shoulder straps pass through tunnel and tie at centre back. Concealed draw cord in back gives individual adjustment. Patterns: *Water Nymph, Aloha, Tutti Frutti, Moonflower, Poinciana*. Price 51/-.

His "Olympic" trunks of highest quality sanforized American cotton gabardine. Jantzen's original four needle "fighter waist" with concealed draw cord. Soft knitted supporter. Tailored-in coin pocket. Colors: *Royal, Light Blue, Opal, Maroon, Grey, Sand, Maize, Bleached White*. Price 26/6.

Jantzen



Obtainable only from retail stores

Continuing . . . The Cliffside Case

from page 10

EDGAR said, stooping down to the fire and pushing in a twig: "I like a fire even in summer when these westerlies come up. I had malaria in New Guinea."

"That's a long time ago."

"Yes, the effects of malaria hang about you a devil of a long time."

"So I understand," Grogan walked over to the fire. "Just lighted it, hadn't you? Thought you said you were thinking of getting to bed when I came in?"

"I was, too. I like to lie in bed and read and hear a cheerful fire crackling."

"Well, it's certainly too hot for me," Grogan lifted his foot and gave the fire a kick.

Edgar shouldered him slightly aside. "Hey, you're not spending the night here, are you? I lighted that fire for my own comfort. Open the door if you don't like it."

But the Inspector's solid shoe had landed right on the big central log and toppled it off the iron dogs on to the hearth with more purpose than just to reduce the temperature.

The log was hollow. He stooped and prodded about inside it with the poker. It yielded, as well as dust and leaves, and a cloud of acrid smoke, a revolver wrapped in a leather hearth glove.

Grogan dropped the poker and stood up.

Edgar was smiling, but not as though he were too amused. He said: "Very smart of you, Inspector. I thought I'd been really clever."

Grogan said, dusting his hands: "You can be a bit too clever for the police, Mr. Rutherford. And that's just one of the things they don't like at all."

The smoke from the charred log was curling up between them, filling the air, filling their nostrils.

Edgar touched the revolver with his foot.

"That gun didn't shoot Honeyman," he said. "That's an American Service revolver that I got from a GI in Toronto. Honeyman's gun, they tell me, was an Australian Army officer's issue. But I wasn't going to be found with a gun at all in my possession."

He laughed, but again not as though he was amused.

"Your C.I.B. ballistics experts—I suppose they make mistakes like everyone else? How did I know they're going to be able to say just what gun actually did shoot him? To say nothing of the fact that I could be fined fifty pounds for keeping the thing all these years without a licence."

"Or a hundred days' gaol. But I wouldn't think you'd be worrying about a little thing like illegal possession when a serious crime like this has been committed."

"When a serious crime has been committed you begin to worry about everything. I find, big or little." He flung his cigarette into the fire and walked across and took up the whisky bottle.

"And, furthermore," he said over his shoulder, "you wouldn't be able to help trying to get a whole lot more on me if I'm the only one in this circle who owns a gun."

Grogan stooped and wrapped his handkerchief round the glove and the gun, and put them in his pocket. He said, going to the door: "O.K. Mr. Rutherford, I'll bear in mind all you say." He went out.

Early next morning, Jim Todd, Edgar's gardener, came up from the beach, and threaded his way across the terraced garden to Edgar's room.

He knocked on the door, rather faintly. He knew the boss'd be asleep. It was just a preface to opening the door and going in.

Edgar was lying in a tense-looking bundle, with the sheet pulled over his head to keep out the light.

Todd walked over and touched him on the shoulder. "Mr. Rutherford," Edgar stirred and groaned. "Are you awake, Mr. Rutherford?"

Edgar pushed back the sheet and looked up at Todd, blinking blindly. "What is it? What are you waking me for?"

"I got a message for you. I was along the beach just now and I

seen Mr. Medley. He asked me to ask you to come right over to the boat."

"What for?"

"Couldn't say, didn't tell me, jes' said he wanted to see you partiklar, soon as you could get down."

Grogan and yawning, Edgar sat up and swung his feet off the bed.

Todd said: "Will I dig the potatoes to-day?"

Edgar swore. "How do I know? Ask the cops. I'm not boss here any more . . ."

Ten minutes later he got into his dinghy on the beach, and rowed across to Medley's houseboat. There wasn't any sound of life and he gave a shout.

Medley came to the top of the ladder and Edgar fastened the boat and went up. He said: "Todd gave me your message. You wanted to see me about something."

"Yes, I did. Dirty business this shooting of Honeyman, I heard about it last night from Todd."

"Yes."

"Murder, eh? You'll have a nice little time up there with a police investigation."

Edgar said carelessly, "Yes, we're having it."

They talked about the murder for a while, and then Medley said: "You're wondering why I sent for you. I'll tell you. I met a bloke on the beach last night. I was hanging around on shore . . . waiting for someone."

"The soul is dyed with the color of its leisure thoughts."

—Dean Inge

"I know, you were waiting for Polly."

"Oh, you know?"

"Yes."

"Well, I waited for her for the best part of an hour, I imagine. She didn't come, and I thought, there's been a nice little scene of reconciliation with her husband, and she hasn't bothered to let me know. I was moving off when this little man came along." He glanced back over his shoulder. "He's down there now, in the cabin."

Edgar looked at him sharply. "On board here? Who is he?"

"I don't know. He's too sick to say this morning, and I didn't think to ask him last night. When he blew into me there on the beach he said he had a malaria attack coming on. He seemed very rotten, very rotten, indeed. Far too groggy to go stumbling along to the wharf and get the ferry back to Sydney as he said he was going to."

"He said he'd only been in Sydney a week or so, on business, and was catching the plane on his way back to Vancouver in the morning. So I suggested that he come over to the boat and lay off for a while. I appeared to think by this time that any guest was better than none." He smiled dimly.

"So he came over and had a drink and about five aspirins, and lay down on my bunk. I myself went to sleep on deck. Soundly to sleep. I usually do." He smiled again. "A good conscience. This morning, first thing, I went down into the cabin and he was still there, ill—worse."

"Did you get a doctor?"

"No."

"Why did you send for me?"

"Well, for two reasons. You've had malaria, you know a bit about it, I expect. Secondly, with this murder just happened, I thought that people like ourselves might do well to deliberate a bit before we let doctors or police in on our privacy."

"Our privacy?"

"His—yours—mine. Don't you agree? I don't know anything about my visitor, except that he seemed a decent little bloke, and very, very ill. I didn't know if he had anything to do with Honeyman's shooting, I just thought—"

He shrugged expressively.

Edgar said: "I'd better go down and have a look at him."

They crossed the deck and went forward and down into the cramped saloon, where settee and table and floor were awash with all the litter of Medley's daily living.

They stepped into the six-by-eight sleeping-cabin, and Edgar went forward to the bunk. He said softly: "Yes, that's him."

"Who?"

"The man I thought it was." He looked down at the sick man lying in the deep sleep of the invalid after a night of high fever.

Medley said again: "What man?"

"Smith." Edgar said, and told about his coming to the house.

Medley said slowly: "I see, I see. This is all getting very complicated. He didn't give you any hint of what he wanted with you?"

"Not the smallest."

"Well, I'm no wiser. I had a look through his pockets this morning to see if there was anyone belonging to him I ought to get hold of. But there was nothing. Only that stuff."

He pointed to the shelf above the bunk on which he'd put a small pile of money, a bunch of keys, a cigarette-case, and matches.

Edgar said: "Careful chap, I suppose he left his pocket-book with his plane ticket and stuff locked up at his hotel."

"Apparently. Have you told these police people about him?"

"I told them, yes, all there was to tell."

"What did they say?"

"They didn't seem to believe in him. But they've got to half-believe, and they've got to take his possible existence into account."

"Yes . . . He looks pretty sick, doesn't he?"

"Very sick, at the moment. But that's the way with malaria. You look and feel like death when you've got it. The attack'll soon pass off. He just wants sleep after this and to be given plenty of water. I'll bring over some atebirin after breakfast. A doctor couldn't do any more."

Medley looked at him coldly. "I see. You're working up to the idea that I should keep him here till he recovers? Well, I tell you straight, I didn't have anything like that in mind. I sent for you because I thought you'd deal with the situation."

Edgar asked suddenly: "What time was it last night when you met him on the beach?"

"I don't know. About nine-thirty, I suppose."

"Well, Honeyman was killed, the doctor says, at a quarter to ten." He turned and looked at Medley squarely.

"A quarter to ten," he repeated. "But you might have made a mistake about the time you met this bloke, mightn't you?"

The other hesitated. "What? . . . I've told you I don't know exactly. I don't have to be looking at a minute hand strapped to my wrist every hour of the day! That's part of my negative gains."

"Or the police doctor might be wrong about the time Honeyman was shot. Do doctors always have to be right? How do we know that 'Smith' didn't take this pot shot at Honeyman, with very good reason, too, maybe? Anyhow, if he did do it, he's in no state to defend himself against any charge at the moment. What chance do you think he'd have against that smooth Irish Inspector?"

There was a smile on Medley's plump mouth. "You're a big-hearted fellow, Edgar! You mean it's our christian duty to protect him until he's able to give a coherent account of himself?"

"That's right."

"Which you say won't be long?"

"I shouldn't think so. To-morrow or the next day I'd say he'd be on his feet again."

Medley walked out of the cabin. "O.K. Bring back this atebirin. You say it's what they give; you know how to dose him."

They climbed the companionway, and Edgar dropped down the ladder into his dinghy, Medley watching him thoughtfully.

Please turn to page 23

Tea was hardly worth stopping for . .



till I tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!

Surprised? You bet she was—didn't believe there could be a better tea till she tasted that rich, full-bodied Lipton flavour. Housewives all over the country are changing to "Brisk" Lipton Tea. They find that Lipton's is better-tasting, more satisfying than the usual "flat" brews.

BRISK? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skillful blending. When you've tasted Lipton's satisfying flavour, "Brisk" is the word you'll use.

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Exciting new knitted garment to delight the Modern Miss . . . good-bye to girdles, garters and suspender-belts . . . now SPENDERPANTS . . . cool and softly comfortable as your own skin . . . neat fitting, clever placement of suspender tapes eliminates all strain . . . no drag, even when dancing or stooping . . . elastic waist and leg bands hold firmly.

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BUST: Measure at point of bust, keeping tape measure level.

VESTS and SLIPS: 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44"
BUST: 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44"
BUY PRESTIGE TO YOUR BUST AND HIP MEASUREMENTS
36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46" 48" HIP: PANTIES and SCANTIES
HIP: Measurement should be maximum measurement.



ELIMINATES STRAIN ON SIDE - REAR SUSPENDERS.

Tune to your favourite Radio Station every week for "The Most Famous Short Stories in the World" presented by Prestige.

Island community effort improves farm lands



DEEP CLOVER, which will grow to well over a foot high, is inspected by Mr. R. C. Murdoch on his farm, "Fairview." Cows will pasture on clover only 20 minutes at a time between milkings. Clover produces sweet, high-grade milk. Seed must be bought, but wise Oxley Island dairy farmers don't grudge money put into land.

Fields once unproductive now yield rich pasture

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

The flourishing dairy-farming community of Oxley Island, Manning River, N.S.W., owes much of its present prosperity to the community spirit shown by its 67 farmers in tackling a serious problem.

By a series of channels, floodgates, and weirs, they have drained their island of most of the salt, sourness, and bog that were lessening the productive quality of its farms.

THEY know that their fertile, highly productive island, set in the salt waters of the Manning River, is a good place to live, and bigger cream cheques prove their wisdom in setting up a community defence against encroaching salt.

Accompanied by a staff photographer, I went across to the island in one of the punts maintained by the Manning Shire. These punts, the only link with the mainland, are an essential part of the island life. A school and shopping bus goes across on the punt to Taree (there's a high school there) each morning and returns in the afternoon. As well, boats bring food supplies to riverside farms.

Over in Oxley we found the comfortable farmhouses, some of them nearly a century old, on land which has been in the families of many of the Oxley farmers for three generations.

All of them were eager to show us the paddocks which were once sour and which now grow rich pasture for the fine dairy herds.

We were advised that the man we should talk to first was Mr. D. A. Cowan, one of the originators, with his four brothers, of the drainage system functioning on his end of the island, a director, and a member

of the board of directors of the Manning River Co-operative Society. Mr. Cowan's grandfather farmed there before him. We saw the house where he and his brothers were born. The roots of most Oxley Islanders go deep into its soil.

The last sale was in 1947, when a river-frontage farm was sold for £42 an acre.

Its unimproved value per acre was only £7. The unimproved value of more favorably placed land is £16.

The communal drainage scheme started in the early thirties.

"The worst affected farms," Mr. Cowan said, "were losing value. We had to do something besides talking about it."

The Oxley Islanders held meetings, appointed a delegation to study what a drainage system did for other similarly affected communities, and raised money to put in a system of their own.

Those who benefit most by the two systems of channels and the floodgate and weir that now drain excess water from the island have always agreed that they should be rated most highly.

Those who benefit less in the drying-out and sweetening of their land pay a lighter annual levy.

Those whose farms receive no direct benefit from either system of drainage are outside the unions, and pay no rates.

The directors of the two drainage unions (elected by members an-

usually decide what maintenance work or improvements are to be done each year and strike a rate accordingly. Some years are expensive for the farmers, others comparatively light.

"Cowan Brae," where Mr. D. A. Cowan lives, has 105 acres, carries up to 45 Illawarra Shorthorns. "I'm growing crops now on land where it would have been useless to plant them years ago," Mr. Cowan told us. "There's less salt water grass and a better type of pasture."

Almost everyone we spoke to claimed an improvement over the years in pasture, crops, and cream cheques.

Of the 82 acres of "Fairview Park," farmed by the family of the present owner, Mr. Harry Lee, for nearly 100 years, he considers that 20 acres directly benefit from the communal system of drainage.

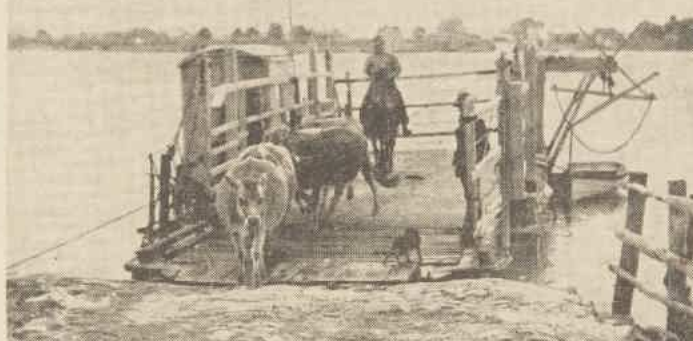
"I can grow good crops of millet, corn, and cow-cane on eight acres that were once a more-or-less total loss," he told us.

"We're sending away to the factory twice the amount of milk we once did," he concluded.

Some of the farms on the island (which is roughly triangular in shape, five miles on one side, four on the others) are as small as 60 acres; others run over the hundred acres.



BAD SOIL. Mr. Gordon Weeks looks at part of his land most deteriorated by salt and flooding. Community system of drainage will improve it in time.



SMALL PUNT is island's link with mainland. Cattle travel on it to weekly sales in nearby Taree. Mr. Harry Lee, on horseback in picture, is third-generation Oxley Island farmer.

Prize recipe demonstrations

RESULTS of our £2000

Cookery Contest will be given early next month. Winners of the £1000 prize for a model food budget and menu plan and £1000 in prizes for best recipes will be announced.

Progress prizes of £5 each are awarded weekly.

In addition, daily demonstrations of progress prize-winning recipes will be continued in the new Home Economics Department of David Jones' George Street Store, Sydney.

These interesting demonstrations (from 12.30 to 1.45 p.m.) are conducted by Miss Del Cartwright, David Jones' Home Economics Expert. For progress prizes see page 34.

Many are worked unassisted by their owner, with family help at milking-time. Hired labor is virtually unknown on highly productive Oxley.

"Few of us here believe in early rising to milk when it is still dark," George Murdoch, who was for five years in the R.A.A.F., told us.

George works the farm, "River View," left him and his brother Ken by their father.

"We're gentlemen cockies here," George explained, "and know how to enjoy ourselves. We like a bit of fishing and shooting."

His mother, Mrs. E. Murdoch, spends her time between the farm, where she went as a bride, and Taree, where Ken lives with his wife.

It was she who invited us to a breakfast of bacon and eggs the morning we went out early to the island to see the milk boat calling at their wharf.

Like many of the younger men, George grows crops of vegetables as a sideline to dairying.

Probably no one on Oxley Island has waged a more continual war against the ravages of salt river flooding than Mr. Gordon Weeks,

who looks after the three farms in the estate of his father, the late G. A. Weeks.

"The three farms have paid at times £72 a year in drainage levy," he told us. "That's for 210 acres, and it's a good investment."

There's another example of community self-help besides the drainage unions on Oxley Island.

Not long ago, farmers who wanted permanent piped water for their stock got together and hired bulldozers to scrape out a dam.

From it pipes carry water to the newly installed drinking-troughs of the farms concerned.

The island has two churches, its own cemetery, post office, telephone exchange, and hall for socials, dances, and meetings. The posts are already in place for electric light.

Until it is connected up, the island farmhouses are lit by kerosene lamps.

As well there is a school attended by 38 children. Mr. H. Holland (his wife is postmistress) is headmaster. Mrs. A. Keppie, Oxley Island-born, is his assistant.

Mrs. Keppie's husband looks after the farm she inherited from her father, so that her interests are the same as those of the children she teaches.

Islanders can sell their milk to either the local Co-operative Society at Taree or the big new factory established by private enterprise. Most farmers send half of their milk to each.

As well as breakfast, we had endless cups of tea during our happy days on the island, all pressed on us by busy but hospitable farmers and their families.

We wondered why all people aren't as nice as those we met on Oxley Island.



FLOODGATES that help keep land productive at one end of island are inspected by Mr. D. A. Cowan and Mr. Ken Murdoch. Farmers living near floodgates or weirs make regular inspection, do minor repairs.

HOLLAND'S NEW QUEEN

QUEEN JULIANA of the Netherlands, whose portrait is on our cover this week, has assumed the throne at a time when the affairs of Europe are threatening enough to daunt the strongest and most experienced ruler.

But her people, and world observers generally, have no doubt that she has the capacity to carry off her destined role.

She is the daughter of a remarkable mother, Wilhelmina, who is said to have overcome the old Dutch notion that the Netherlands should be ruled by Kings.

Juliana is like her mother. She, too, represents the solid virtues of her people rather than the pomp of courts.

She is a mother of four, a good housewife, and in her dress and manner shows the same disregard of outward show that made her mother a familiar figure bicycling about in old tweeds.

For the British people who will have a woman for the next ruler, the success of the Queens of Holland is of particular interest.

In her reign of 50 years, Wilhelmina steered her country through two World Wars, was forced to flee from it in 1940, and was triumphantly restored in 1945.

Juliana will need now to epitomise the courage her countrymen showed under the Nazi battering.

Her sex is no handicap. This is a significant pointer to the position of women in the modern world.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Couple of you guys shin up a tree and get our bearings!"

WORTH Reporting

WHEN the Royal Family stays at Hotel Canobolas, Orange, N.S.W., champagne bucket containers specially designed for the occasion will be used.

They will be the work of Mr. R. Greenwood-Webb, of Wedgwood Lodge, Lane Cove, N.S.W., noted for his beautiful wrought-iron work.

As soon as Mr. Webb received the commission he visualised something incorporating one of the district's main features, its cherry orchards.

Hand-cut leaves and clusters of hand-made cherries will form the decoration on the containers.

Well balanced and structurally strong enough to stand the weight of the ice, the containers will stand about the height of an average table. They will be on three legs well played at the bottom to give balance and graceful line.

The whole container will be hand-forged and welded in fire where necessary.

The hotel already had silver champagne buckets, plain and dignified in design, which Mr. Webb says will be set off perfectly by the black wrought-iron of the containers.

It has been common knowledge in a certain North London parish that the vicar and his curate were not on the best of terms. No one was surprised to hear that the curate was going away. But parishioners were electrified to read the following notice from the vicar in his church magazine.

"You will be sorry, I know, to hear that the Rev. — will soon be leaving us to take up new duties. I beg your prayers both for him and for the parish to which he is going."

"Rabbits' feet"

IF you can rake up a little professional interest in rabbits' feet, particularly the left hind foot of the rabbit which frequents graveyards, you might pull in a few dollars for yourself and country.

According to pamphlets issued by both the Department of Commerce and the Export Development Group, the mounting of rabbits' feet as lucky charms presents a definite trade opportunity in the United States.

An American friend of ours tells us that the rabbit's foot is highly popular with negroes in the Southern States of America. They feel that the rabbit's feetness of foot and ability to "turn on a dime" in getting away from trouble is a quality that can be transferred per medium of the lucky charm.

"Some lean more heavily towards the left hind-foot of a graveyard rabbit but don't ask me why," he said.

Usually, the foot is mounted with a silver cap and chain, and the more ostentatious dressers suspend it on a big gold watch-chain. During a card or dice game all sorts of emotional appeals are made to "the foot."

The rabbits' feet are available almost for the asking if you're at all interested.

Jim Hines, of the Currabubula Freezing Works, Sydney, tells us that millions are thrown away every week.

As a matter of fact, Jim is very amused at the whole thing. He thinks we must be pretty hungry for dollars if we're planning to take up seriously the business of mounting rabbits' feet, and he also wants to know how we're going to stop the feet from smelling.

Is there a taxi-driver in the house?



"The sweater unbuttons, dear—the head doesn't come off."

Garden party

WE received a visit recently from two burly plain-clothes members of Sydney's famed Squad 21, of the C.I.B., and though their appearance threw our female staff into a slight panic, their mission was in the nature of a social visit.

The squad is giving a garden party at Bourke Street Depot this Christmas, and 16-stone Constable Bullen, who has been appointed to the social committee, admitted frankly he was all at sea about the arrangements.

"I can manage a smoke all right, but a garden party's more formal isn't it?" he asked.

The squad plans to make its garden party something that will really be remembered in the Sydney social world.

Constable Bullen's projects include a Christmas-tree for children of the Force, a march past of police horses, a stage presentation, pipe and figure bands, and a buffet afternoon tea served in the gymnasium.

While women stroll across the lawns in trailing gowns and garden-party hats, music from the brass section of the Police Band will provide the right gala atmosphere.

More than 500 invitations will be sent out. But we doubt if any but friends of Squad 21 will receive them.

Misunderstood

A FRENCH schoolboy, Jacques Bargain, decided he would like to spend a holiday in England, so his school in Paris got in touch with a Kentish family and invited their son to visit Jacques' home in Paris, while he spent a couple of weeks in Kent.

When Jacques got to the station in Paris he suddenly realised that his host, who was meeting him at Victoria, did not know him, so he sent a telegram reading: "Grey suit, red tie, two suitcases, Bargain."

The day after Jacques arrived in Kent his host received a visit from officials investigating black market transactions.

Handwriting

TOO much time is spent on teaching children handwriting," says Professor F. J. Schonell, professor of educational psychology at Birmingham University, who has been visiting Australia, sponsored by the New Education Fellowship.

"Handwriting has no bearing on intellectual ability," he told us. "Legibility counts. Nothing else. Most brilliant men have indecipherable handwriting."

The Professor's own signature is easy to read in keeping with his belief in the importance of legibility.

Professor Schonell, who is Australian-born, is a Master of Arts of the University of Western Australia, and a Doctor of Philosophy and Literature. His wife is also Australian-born, and a psychologist, too. They have two children.

"In education," explains the professor, "I'm always on the side of the child. Children achieve much more with encouragement."

"Have you ever noticed how teachers correct a test, putting a little tick when the answer's right, a heavy, big cross if it's wrong?"

"It should be the other way round—a large tick to encourage the child, and a smaller cross."

On the rails

THERE was a crash as the engine left the rails, dragging the first carriage over the embankment near the station.

There were no casualties, because this accident took place at the rooms of the Sydney Model Railway Society, where the railway track was five-eighths of an inch wide.

There are 60 members of the society, who meet once a week to make trains and locos (the word engine isn't used), and once in the month they set things going.

Members include railwaymen, medical students, and engineers, and range in age from the fifties to a 16-year-old boy.

Secretary Mr. C. H. Buchanan told us some facts about the society as we watched the trains whizzing round at 124 scale miles per hour.

"Don't think this is child's play," he said. "Each carriage is built to scale. We get all the latest facts on trains from the Railway Department, and if a new loco is designed we copy it."

Some members use the larger "O" gauge (1 1/4 inches wide), others the five-eighths.

Locos pulled tenders filled with coal, real coal, but smashed up into tiny fragments and stuck on to thin wood.

The five-eighths gauge station was named Wits End, and is a replica of Artamon Station, N.S.W. It is complete with lamps, advertisements, the size of a postage stamp, a telephone box, and beside the station is a park with a three-inch-high war memorial.

Mr. Buchanan and President Mr. Ken Smith took us to watch the man on the switch controlling the different trains. Levers were pulled, trains stopped, and dashed away again.

We heard of a man who keeps note of the types of carriages to be used on the Melbourne Express each day. When he feels like it, he assembles his miniature express, and starts it off to the minute when the real express leaves Central.

The night we were there, members congratulated fellow-member Mr. Jack Ryan on having a painting accepted for the Royal Art Society.

"It's a scene in a Canadian railway yard after rain," explained Mr. Ryan, "and a cat is drinking from a puddle. I've called it 'Wet Rails,' or 'A dog's life for a cat.'"

BALSA WOOD, the lightest wood known, had to be imported from Ecuador to Britain formerly, and paid for in dollars. A new forest, estimated to yield one million cubic feet of timber, has been discovered in Trinidad, and British importers now hope to get balsa for sterling.

Travel authority

AFTER 48 years supervising the travel arrangements of other people as manager of Thomas Cook and Sons, Sydney, Mr. E. L. Sellars has retired—not to travel, but to enjoy himself at home.

He plans to wear old clothes, garden, paint the watercolours and play the pieces of music he has never had time to do before.

Mr. Sellars, who started in Thomas Cook as a stenographer before the days of female competition, rose to be Sydney manager.

His advice to travellers: "Travel light, don't take anything you don't need. A lot of luggage to look after spoils your trip."

"Men see the force of this argument at once," he said. "But the ladies—they go on making the same mistake all along the line."

OUR London office tells us that the two novels at present in greatest demand at libraries are "The Golden Sleep," by Vivian Connell, and "The Pilgrimage of Mrs. Destina," by Mary Mitchell.

Among the new thrillers "Pattern in Poison Ivy," by Gerald Bowman, "Murder in the First Person," by Shipley Adams, and "Big Ben Struck Twelve," by Andrew Wood, are popular.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

PRESENTING medals to schoolchildren to commemorate notable occasions is traditional—but it's a tradition that could well be abandoned.

The Federal Government proposes to present medals to nearly a million schoolchildren to mark next year's Royal visit. What a waste of metal, money, and effort!

Casting round for reminiscences of previous medal distributions I learn that the chief virtue of one issue of medals among the young was their resemblance to a penny—very handy for public telephones.

Can't remember what became of any of mine, but one of my contemporaries says a search of sewing machine drawers, those favorite junk receptacles, might produce a historic collection.

Even a child soon realises that a medal presented to all and sundry is of no value. Most of them, though they may enjoy the bauble temporarily, would just as soon have a comic agate.

REMEMBER the days when shops were fully equipped with little high chairs?

The Progressive Housewives' Association of N.S.W. recently carried a resolution that shops be asked to put more chairs about for the convenience of customers.

I asked a representative of a big department store what notice, if any, shops were likely to take of this resolution. He pointed out that the big increase in size of stores and variety of stocks made chairs of little use in many departments.

"In the old days you could sit at a counter and have materials brought up from the shelves. Now the range is so big that that would be difficult. Besides, materials are displayed and customers like to roam round and look."

SENATOR ARMSTRONG says there is no need to buy special clothes for the Royal visit. "The best advice for those in doubt about dress would be to wear the best clothes they have," he says.

Don't be so naive, Senator! Even a man should know that a woman's best clothes are those as yet unthought.

AN English dentist recently pulled out two of his own teeth, then applied to the Dental Board for the 10/- fee for professional services, provided under the National Health Scheme.

He certainly deserves it—and a medal as well.

AT a British Empire League dinner in Manchester the Leader of the Federal Opposition, Mr. Menzies, said too many people in Britain were pessimistic about the future of the British Empire. It was time they lifted their eyes beyond the horizon, because the possibilities of Empire expansion were just as great now as in Queen Elizabeth's day.

I can't see anywhere left for us to expand to in this 20th century—but perhaps Mr. Menzies is taking the planetary rather than the global viewpoint.

We must have, said the P.M.G., F.M. for the A.B.C., F.M. and A.M., i.e., Whatever the L.S.d. But as for the others, N.B., I mean the C.S.s* (q.v.). They're o.k. with A.C. and D.C., And their share of E.S.T., So I pray that they R.I.P.

*Commercial Stations—how did you guess?

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht **ARGOS** is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Land of Giants, where their yacht is seen by **THE COLOSSUS:** Unbelievably huge giant of

the island. He is taking the yacht home as a present for his child when two other Colossi attack and overcome him. They try to burn the **ARGOS**, but Mandrake and Lothar escape and free the friendly Colossus. In a mighty battle he overcomes his enemies. He offers Mandrake his help in repairing the **ARGOS** so the party can depart. **NOW READ ON:**



THE STURDY STEEL YACHT IS BATTERED FROM THE STONE BOMBARDMENT AND THE ROUGH HANDLING OF THE COLOSSI. REPAIRS ARE NEEDED BEFORE IT CAN PUT OUT TO SEA.



MANDRAKE SHOUTS INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FRIENDLY COLOSSUS WHOSE LIFE HE AND LOTHAR HAD SAVED--



UNDER MANDRAKE'S DIRECTION, A CRUDE DRYDOCK IS BUILT. THE WALKING "DERRICKS" AS MANDRAKE CALLS THEM, SLIDE THE HUGE TIMBERS INTO PLACE AS IF THEY WERE TWIGS.



"I HAVEN'T HAD A HOT BATH FOR A WEEK," COMPLAINS BETTY "ALL THE BOILERS ON THE ARGOS ARE DAMAGED."--"MAYBE WE CAN FIND YOU A BATH-TUB IN THE VILLAGE OF THE COLOSSI," REPLIES MANDRAKE.



BETTY'S BATH-TUB--THE CUP OF A COLOSSUS!



HURRIEDLY, THE DAMAGED "ARGOS" IS REPAIRED ---



THEN, A GENTLE SHOVE BY THE FRIENDLY COLOSSUS LAUNCHES THE "ARGOS"--IT SLIDES INTO THE WATER ON WAYS GREASED WITH WHALE FAT...

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ A Foreign Affair

THE producing-directing team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder always has the courage to present a novel and forthright film.

Their new romantic comedy for Paramount, "A Foreign Affair," is a sly, sophisticated piece of humor, which gives some lovely digs at the idea that all occupation troops in Berlin are angels in khaki.

But the film neatly sidesteps the risk of offending those who regard fraternisation as avoidable and the blackmarket as unthinkable.

There is not a weak performance in the film. Marlene Dietrich, as an uninhibited predatory German beauty, Erika, comes out with one of her super-sexy portrayals.

Her lush figure and husky voice rarely have been seen to better advantage, and her sense of humor is never far from the surface.

In direct contrast to Dietrich is Joan Arthur, who has been absent from the screen far too long. She has a wonderful role as the prim United States Congresswoman, Phoebe Frost, sent to investigate the morale of U.S. occupation troops.

Phoebe is soon in a state of pop-eyed horror at U.S. troops giving wolf-calls to comely German girls in ruined Berlin.

Just how Phoebe slides into a romantic fervor about dashing U.S. officer John Lund (who looks like a junior Gable in the making) is the climax of the story.

Millard Mitchell is remarkably good as Colonel Plummer, a U.S. officer who copes tactfully with the visiting Congress members.

This film is at the Prince Edward.

★★ Always Another Dawn

AUSTRALIAN enterprise takes another step in the right direction with the feature-length film "Always Another Dawn," produced and directed by T. O. McCreadie.

It is a handsome tribute to the Royal Australian Navy, whose officers and men co-operated in fullest measure.

Three-quarters of the film is in documentary vein, with many authentic settings, and this gives the film its strength.

Unfortunately, McCreadie has made use of a preachy script and a paper-thin romance, but the Navy on mass and his two new young stars, Guy Doleman and Charles Tingwell, carry the film over the weak spots.

It would be kinder to forget the parts played by Queenie Ashton and Bette McDowall. Both suffer greatly from poor lighting and make-up.

Training of recruits at Flinders Naval Base and a reconstruction of a sea battle are expertly handled by cameraman Harry Malcolm.

The film is at the Embassy.

★★ Homecoming

IN Clark Gable and Lana Turner Hollywood has a perfect answer to the demand for luscious romance.

Heading the cast of MGM's "Homecoming," greying master-of-charm Clark and dimpled but, alas, too chubby Lana are two sides of a triangle, the third being a slimmed and elegant Ann Baxter.

None of this high-powered romance can be believed for a second, but there's no doubt that Lana is giving more to her roles now than just her blonde beauty. She is as easy in her work as old smoothie Gable himself. The film is at the St. James.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—October 9, 1948

The fascinating story of John Barrymore — "Good Night, Sweet Prince", in October OMNIBOOK.

La Joselito's Spanish dances

TRADITIONAL art of the Spanish dance has been handed down from one generation to the next in the family of La Joselito, Spanish dancer now touring Australia. Among her "props" is a pair of castanets nearly 100 years old, inherited from her grandmother, Berengara, a famous dancer.

La Joselito's mother, Elvira, was a dancer until she married and had eleven children. La Joselito made her first public appearance at the age of six. She is married to Rodrigo Asensio, the guitarist in the ensemble.

She wears a different costume for each dance, changing in two and half minutes her costume, hair style, and whole personality while the pianist, Mercedes Bebia, just has time to select the music for the next dance.



HUERTAS DE VALENCIA, popular dance of the province of the oranges. La Joselito wears gold-figured satin frock with apron and bodice of sequined Valenciennes lace, and a high gold Spanish comb and antique pearl ear-rings.



LA VIDA BREVE portrays a bride dancing at the wedding festivities, and is set to the music of Manuel de Falla. The fine French lace in this frock cost 70,000 francs (nearly £100 Australian).



MADRID 1900, described in programme as La Madrilene Danse a la Kermesse (the Madrid girl dances at the fair). Shawl embroidered in huge red roses and a high black comb are worn.

Woman drover of the Far West

Long trek with 1000 cattle is regular job for Lilian Bunyan

By JAMES W. MORRIS

Mrs. Lilian Bunyan, of Thargomindah, Queensland, droves sheep and cattle for a living.

An expert horsewoman, she grew up in the district, and is famed throughout the inland as one of its most reliable drovers. Her husband is also a drover.

WITH her own droving outfit of five men, Mrs. Bunyan makes regular trips across semi-arid country with mobs of 1000 cattle. Not only does she organise the cattle along their long treks, but she directs the men

drovers with the utmost efficiency and authority.

I met her about 60 miles west of Bourke, where she had bedded the cattle down for the night.

Sitting at the campfire, she told me that it was usual for her to be on the road with mobs of 500 or 1000 head of cattle for 14 weeks.

At one time when a drought was at its height and cattle could not travel quickly she was on the road for 30 weeks.

Most of her trips have been done from cattle stations in the Bulloo, Paroo, and Warrego River districts in the south-west of Queensland.

Cattle from these centres are brought in to the Bourke railhead for shipment to Sydney, or to the Bourke Meatworks for slaughtering and sending to Sydney as chilled beef.

The work of drovers is arduous, for not only do they have to look after the cattle, but they must keep to a travelling time, once permission has been given by the Pastures Protection Board for the cattle to use the stock routes.

Time allowed is six miles each 24 hours for sheep and 10 miles for cattle, but if conditions are bad the daily average may be as low as three miles with sheep and six miles with cattle.

"The first few days are the worst," said Mrs. Bunyan, "especially if the cattle are wild, because they have to be trained to bed-down for the night and to remain quiet."

The droving outfit generally consists of Mrs. Bunyan, with three cowboys, one cook, and one "horse tailor," who rounds the horses up, gets firewood, and ensures that camp and horses are supplied with water.

A six-man outfit uses about 30 horses to allow for changes, and for any accidents that may happen to the horses if the cattle "rush."

Mrs. Bunyan has been droving for many years, but says she has never had any serious injury to horse or man.

Her 11-year-old schoolgirl daughter Shirley sometimes accompanies her and helps with the cooking.

Shirley is also an expert horsewoman, and can handle most of the horses used by her mother in the droving plant.

The riders and their horses need to be sturdy. Wild cattle have to be controlled, and often the trek through the blistering red-soil plains is done in a temperature of 120 degrees.

First duty at the end of each day's journey is to water the cattle.

In the Far West, public watering places are supplied with water from the Great Artesian Basin, and the drover pays the lessee for the right to water his travelling stock.

Fee is one penny per head for cattle and horses, and one shilling per 100 for sheep.

Shirley likes the bore drains which run off the water.

"If the water is not too hot, I get right in and have a bath," she said, "but not before the cattle have drunk their fill."

Some of the bores reach the surface at boiling point, cooling as they run out through the drains.

Prolific green growth is a surprising sight along the banks of a steaming stream.

Mrs. Bunyan knows all the watering places of the Far West. She can tell at a glance when water is available, and knows to the hour when her mob will arrive.

"Food supply is a small problem," Mrs. Bunyan said. "The cattle-owner has to keep the plant in beef and bread, and he arranges with the mailman to drop our food off as he comes along the route."

"I carry only the hard provisions in the waggonette, such as tea, sugar, and flour."

Sometimes when travelling sheep the party is allowed a certain number for killing en route.

Appetites are a big problem when on the move; the open air and healthy exercise make everybody ready for a hefty meal.

Dampers and cakes disappear quickly after they have been baked in the roadside camp oven.

Procedure seldom varies once the trek has begun, and the night watch of two or three hours patrolling the sheep or cattle is shared by everybody in a regular roster.

recoiled and are ready for the road when required."

Sometimes cattle are lost en route owing to lameness or other causes, and sometimes a stray beast is picked up accidentally.

Fred Wormaid, who keeps the Riverview Hotel at North Bourke, tells an amusing story about drovers and picking up of strays.

One drover brought 5000 sheep down to Bourke from Charleville, and when he arrived at Bourke he had 1200 more than when he started.

The police investigated, and the drover was summoned.

Local legend says that the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, with the rider that the sheep were to be returned to their rightful owner.

Losses and gains, however, are treated very seriously by police and drovers alike. "The drovers keep a strict record."

Mrs. Bunyan said it becomes automatic to count the cattle as they move along, but with sheep a thorough count is taken every few days.

Dogs are essential, and droving plants use all types from kelpie to cattle breeds.

There is one spot between the "Never Never" country and the Bourke railhead which defies the bushmanship and cattle-craft of the best cattlemen of Australia.

It is the Bourke Bridge, which crosses the River Darling. No cattle will move across it unless the help of a tame cow is called in.

This tame cow acts as their leader, and after the mob has been herded on to the approach the cow quietly meanders across, leading the remainder in an orderly manner.

Owned by a storekeeper at North Bourke, the cow has won fame throughout the West, and has earned a lucrative revenue for the storekeeper who trained it.

I left the Bunyan plant early next morning and, as I made my way along the road, I heard the stock-whips cracking and the "giddy up" of the drovers as they started to move the mob on its journey.



WOMAN DROVER, Mrs. Lilian Bunyan, on horseback. Daughter Shirley drives the waggonette which carries food and equipment.

Busy life on the track

Some drovers sing or whistle as they ride, believing that the harmony will soothe their herds.

Mrs. Bunyan takes her turn at night watching, and scoffed at the idea of being afraid, although she says she had one mob "rush" on a trip from Thargomindah.

"But there is nothing to be afraid of in the open spaces of Australia," she said. "Cattle get to know you, and if you treat them with kindness they repay you with obedience."

"There is too much to do to be lonely," Mrs. Bunyan said, "and as all my men are real good fellows, we have a happy time on the road."

"Sometimes when they reach town they go on a spree, but they soon



WIDE INTEREST in marriage at St. John's Church, Toorak, Melbourne, of Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Essington Lewis, of South Yarra, and Tallarook, Victoria, and Michael Clarke, of South Yarra. Attendants are Jane Lewis, sister of bride, and her nieces, Diana Lewis, Adelaide, and Elizabeth Lewis, Newcastle.

Intimate Greetings

COUNTRY folk down for race festivities will be among guests who attend wedding this Friday of Nancy Fleming and Bill Richards, of Riverstone, Baan Baa, at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street.

Bride, who is the younger daughter of the J. P. Fleming, of Kelvinside, Aberdeen, will be attended by Bill's sister Judy; Barbara Fraser, of Darlington Point; and Madie Bradford, fellow University graduate of Nance's.

Nance will wear primrose marquisette frock over taffeta for wedding. She has invited many of her Ascham and University friends to be present at the wedding.

Bridegroom is elder son of popular couple, the Os Richards', of "Caloola," Baan Baa. Reception will be held at Usher's.

Before bridal party left for Sydney, Mrs. J. J. L. Fleming gave Nance a pre-wedding party. Great disappointment in family when Nance's sister, June, and her husband, Bill Davies, are unable to delay sailing till after wedding. Bill is Rhodes Scholar and has left for Oxford to continue studies.

CAN see that great controversy will rage with publication of Alec Murray's Album of Personalities in Australia as to just which State in Commonwealth contributes most to beauty, arts, or fashion. Photograph of Mrs. Eugene Goossens is one of most striking in publication, which features some of Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide's loveliest women.



ENGAGED. Bill Berkman and his fiancée, Joan Tall, celebrate at Romano's. Joan is only daughter of the John Talls, of Bellevue Hill, and Bill is only son of the Stan Berkman, of Darling Point.



SPRING CARNIVAL DINNER DANCE. Mr. Lionel McFadyen lights Mrs. Graham Fratten's cigarette for her between dances at the Spring Carnival Dinner Dance at Prince's, organised by Entertainment Group Torch Bearers for Legacy.

AMERICAN model ballerina-length gown is worn by Mrs. Myron M. Cowen, wife of U.S. Ambassador, when they entertain members of Parliament and their wives at buffet cocktail party at the Embassy, Canberra. Spring flowers from local gardens decorated the lovely Embassy rooms.

LOTS of parties planned by committee for Food for Babies Fund for their Radio Party Drive. Idea is that committee hopes that 1000 hostesses will each raise £1 or more, making them eligible to win wonderful prizes, which include refrigerator, radios, dress lengths, and beauty-care. Final night of drive is October 23. Mrs. Ian Jacoby is president of senior committee, and Shirley Grey presides over younger set.

CELEBRATION party given by Mrs. D. L. Wilkinson, of Wollstonecraft, when announcement is made of engagement of her son Charles and Mary Munro, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Munro, of Sourabaya, Java, and formerly of Sydney. Mary, who is sportswoman at P.L.C., wears lovely sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring.

FAREWELL luncheon given by attractive young Sydney matrons Mrs. Shane Watson, Mrs. Rob Minter, Mrs. John Adams, and Mrs. Ryan Dobson for Mrs. Leonard Steel, formerly Margaret Croer, of Newcastle, who has been out from America on a visit to her family for the past few months, and returns to the United States early this month.



DOUBLE CELEBRATION. Dr. Raymond Corrigan and his fiancée, Betty Gibson, at conferring of degrees at Sydney University. Couple recently announce engagement.



GALA PREVIEW. Pretty programme sellers Jennifer Chapman and Marcia Moses at preview of Italian film, "Open City," which J. C. Williamson's made available to committee of Black and White Ball. Proceeds are for Industrial Blind Institution.



ADMIRAL ATTENDS SCREENING. Rear-Admiral H. B. Farncomb is accompanied by his wife to screening at Embassy Theatre of Australian film, "Always Another Dawn."



DELEGATES MEET. Members of Young Contingent of Victoria League, Nola Dwyer (Canberra president), Joy McNeill (Newcastle president), Anne Hill (Sydney president), and Paddy Watkins (Newcastle secretary), meet at Anne's home at Darling Point when delegates come to Sydney for annual conference.

ROMANCE in A. J. Gardner family of Bow Glen, Merriwa, when their son and daughter announce engagement on same day. Their daughter Joyce is engaged to Ronald Henry, second son of Mr. A. W. Henry, of Sydney, and the late Mrs. Henry, formerly of Armidale. Their son, Walter Gardner, presents Ellen Main, youngest daughter of Mrs. W. Main, of Cremorne, and the late Mr. H. W. I. Main, with single-diamond engagement ring in claw setting.

Walter and Ellen's engagement was announced at Ellen's brother's twenty-first birthday party, which was held at their home at Cremorne. Ellen is now guest of the Gardiners in Merriwa.

HIGHLIGHTS of Race Week will be Australian Club's late afternoon party this Wednesday following Ladies' Day at Randwick, and dance at Royal Sydney Golf Club this Friday.

HALO of orchids held bridal veil of tiered tulle for Gwennie Doran, only child of the Frank Dorans, of "Noonah Vale," Garah, when she married Paul Mason, of St. George, at local All Saints' Church of England. Pearls from the wedding gown of the bride's mother were used as trimming on Gwennie's frock. Biddy White, of Yetman, Barbara Hunt, and Barbara Mason, Paul's sister, were bridesmaids. Keith Anderson, of St. George, was best man. Groomsmen were Colin Chandler, of Kurray, St. George, Bill Mace, St. George.

BACK from short holiday in Melbourne are Mrs. T. A. Field, her daughter Betty, and son Ross. Mrs. Field and her family stayed at Melbourn during Melbourne Show Week, and on their way through stopped off at property, "Lanyon," near Canberra.

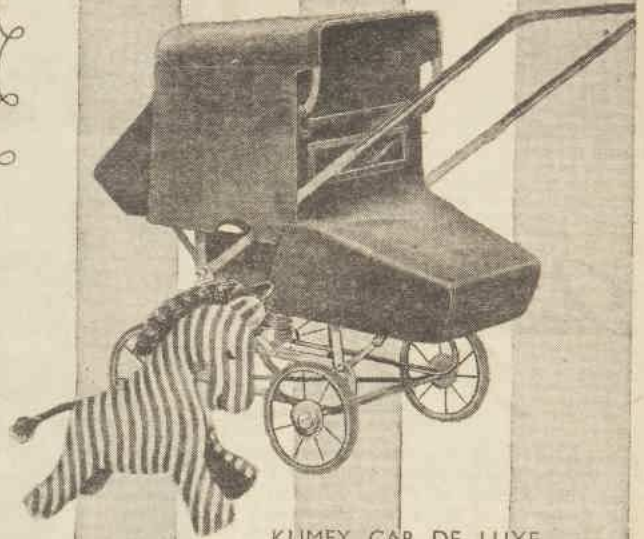
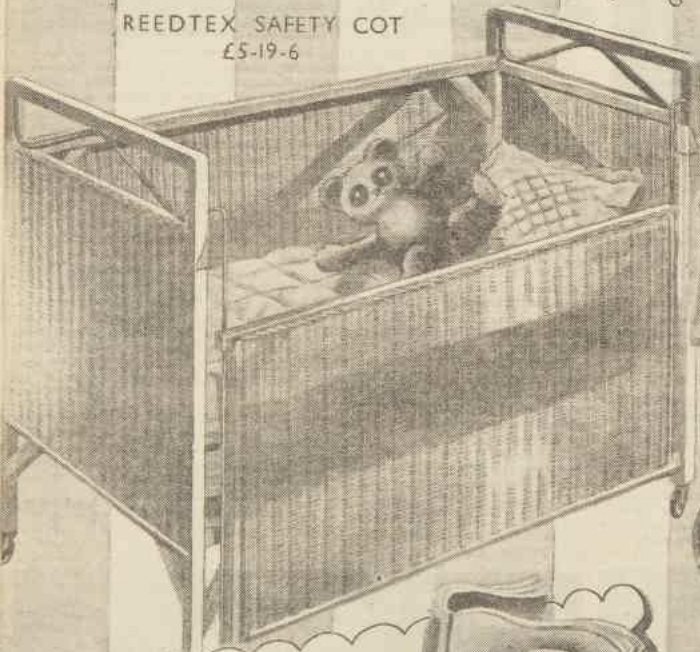


AT ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT SQUADRON'S opening day, Mrs. Keith Waterhouse, her mother, Mrs. L. V. Waterhouse, Mr. Keith Waterhouse, and son Michael. Mr. Waterhouse is squadron member.

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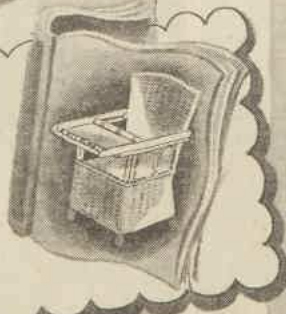
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As he beached the boat, Steve said thoughtfully, "You know, the big ox is not a bad water dog. If he should be lucky in the land work he might get a fourth place, or a certificate of merit."

That thought persisted with him the next week, through the luncheon meeting of the Rolling Meadow Retriever Field Trial Club, and up to the moment when the new president, Harry Smythe-Jones, said, "Then it's all settled. The water trials will be held on the river, opposite Bailey's picnic grove."

Why is he so determined to use the river? Steve asked himself then. He spoke up. "I think it's a rotten idea. There's a strong current and the ducks will drift."

Smythe-Jones glared. "I think

we've had enough discussion. Shall we put it to a vote, gentlemen?"

There was a chorus of solemn eyes from the henchmen. Steve's was the only nay.

He looked at his watch and said, "I work for a living and I have to get back to my office. But first, I'd like to propose a new member, Eager Moorehead. He has a young Labrador, one of mine. He wants to run it in the members' novice stake."

All the directors looked at Smythe-Jones.

"One of yours?" Smythe-Jones regarded Steve with suspicion. "I don't believe I know Moorehead."

"I think you've met him, and I'm sure you know his wife."

Love Me, Love My Doghouse

Continued from page 9

"Well, I don't recall him," Smythe-Jones said abruptly. "I can't cast my vote for a man I don't know."

Sport was sauntering sadly through the wire of his pen in the yard when Steve came that evening to see Eager Moorehead.

Steve cleared his throat and said, "You can't run Sport in the members' novice stake, Eager. Smythe-Jones didn't remember meeting you."

Nancy chimed in, "What is all this?" Eager turned on her. "Since you

won't allow my dog in my own home, madame, I thought I might get him out of his doghouse for a day by running him in the field trial. I have to join the club to do it."

Nancy turned to Steve. "Are you trying to say," she bristled, "that Harry Smythe-Jones blackballed my husband?"

"Well, not exactly blackballed—"

"Why," said Nancy indignantly, "that new-rich upstart. I've known him ever since he was a nasty little boy. His name was plain Harry Jones then, before he married that plump frump, Ethel Smythe."

Her face was flushed and there were tears of rage in her eyes. Eager stared at her.

Then he turned to Steve and said grimly, "Okay, I'll just run Sport in the open all-age."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Steve. "Sport wouldn't finish the first series."

"I'm entering him," said Eager.

Nancy followed Steve to the door. "Will Harry Smythe-Jones be at the open all-age?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Steve. "He's planning to win that one, too."

"Will Ethel Smythe-Jones be there?"

"She never misses, when their dogs are running."

"I might be there myself," she said quietly.

Smythe-Jones had appointed Steve field trial chairman, a thankless job of a thousand details. On the Sunday of the open all-age he arrived early at the trial grounds to find Eager Moorehead already there with Sport. Smythe-Jones was there, too, sitting in his flashy red convertible with his wife, and he looked coldly at Steve as he passed.

By then, Steve had revised his notion of Sport having a chance of even a fourth place. He walked over to Eager and said, "Hello, stupid. Why didn't you stay home?"

Eager pulled out his wallet. "Who takes my entry fee? You?"

Steve nodded. "If you insist."

Just then Nancy drove up and got out of her own little car. Ethel Smythe-Jones gave her a tentative smile. Nancy looked through her and walked towards Steve.

As she approached, Steve whistled softly. She had bought herself an outfit. Her felt hat exactly matched the suede trim of her whipcord jacket and skirt.

NANCY ignored her husband, directed a sceptical frown at Sport, then turned to Steve and said, "Did you note that Smythe-Jones woman? She's wearing pearls. Pearls with riding breeches!"

Eager said, "Hey, Steve, I read in the paper your pup won the novice yesterday. What happened to Smythe-Jones' dog?"

"He had a bit of tough luck and fell on his face in the first series," grinned Steve. "Smythe-Jones was wild. He's going to win the all-age now, or die. He has four Labradors entered. He's even dusted off old 'Tar Baby'."

Just then the judges arrived and Steve scurried away to round up the official guns and the birds boys and get things under way.

It turned out to be a ludicrous open stake from start to finish. In the first series fifteen out of twenty-five starters failed to find both pheasants. Three of Smythe-Jones' entries failed, and suddenly he had only one hope left, the ancient Tar Baby.

When Sport's number was called and Moorehead ambled up to the line with the ungainly big dog, there were titters from the gallery.

Then Sport's pheasants were shot, two long hard falls, and Steve thought, poor Moorehead.

But Sport went out at a deliberate gallop and retrieved first one and then the other, and the gallery stopped laughing.

For the second series a stuple shackled duck was to be dropped far out in the river, beyond the decoys, in the swift current. There was a slight delay while Steve rowed across to the public ground on the far side to chase off a picnic party who thought it funny to whistle at the dogs. But they left quietly.

The dogs had trouble with this test. When Sport's turn came, he sat watching intently as his duck was thrown from the boat. Then he hit the water with a splash that brought another laugh, but a friendly one this time, from the large gallery. Steve moaned as he saw the dog start straight for the decoys.

But Sport remembered his lesson and went on through the decoys and he was swimming strung out towards the spot where he'd seen the duck fall, his great forepaws beating at the water like paddles. But he didn't understand the current and the duck was drifting fast. It looked hopeless to Steve.

Please turn to page 28

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 15

SOON after breakfast at Cliffside, Inspector Grogan sent a constable to summon Polly and Owen to the morning-room.

He handed Polly a piece of paper. "Know anything about this, Mrs. Honeyman?"

"What is it?"

She took it and read what was written on it, three lines of typing:

"Do you know that Mrs. Honiman, who is divorcing you, is just as bad herself for the way she's carrying on with Owen Shelton? If you don't want to be made a fool of you'd better follow them to Shell Bay this week and see for yourself."

Polly's eyes were cold. "How disgusting! Have you any idea who wrote it?" She handed the sheet to Owen.

Grogan said: "We thought you might help us there. We found it among your husband's things in his flat."

"It's someone who doesn't know me very well—thank goodness! I'd hate to know anyone who'd write a thing like that."

"You mean your name's spelt wrongly?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't mean a thing. These anonymous writers are up to any dodge to hide their identity. That's how their minds work. I think they know you very well."

"Why do you?"

"I think it came from someone in this house."

"Oh, I don't believe that. That's impossible."

Grogan took the paper from Owen's hand, turned it over, held it up to the light. "This piece of paper—it's the same as the paper on the block by the telephone. It was torn off that."

"What! That message-pad by the telephone in the billiard-room?"

"Yes."

Owen asked: "Any fingerprints?"

"No fear!"

"Who's got a typewriter here?"

"Nobody, the maid tells me. Though that doesn't mean a thing, either. You could take a bit of paper from there and type the letter at a typewriter shop in the city, or anywhere."

"That's—Owen paused, then went on slowly, "Look, Inspector, I've got a theory. And this letter supports it. Are you interested?"

"Go ahead."

"Well, there are at least three people who wish no good at all to Mrs. Honeyman."

"Oh? Would you care to mention who they are?"

"Actually, I wouldn't care to, but you can take my word for it."

"O.K. And the theory?"

"Well, my theory is this: Lionel Honeyman shot himself. He realised that he'd failed to get round his wife again, and he went down there after dinner last night with the revolver in his pocket, and for once in his life he did what he'd said he'd do."

"Then one of these people that I speak of came on the scene before the maid found him dead. They took up the gun and threw it into the sea, thinking, 'This'll put Polly in the dirt for quite a while. What do you think of that?'"

"What do I think of it? Not much, Mr. Shelton. No; not very much at all." The Inspector put the letter in his case. "Any truth in the statement in this letter?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes; some truth in it." It was Owen who answered, in a tone as matter-of-fact as the Inspector's own.

"At least, it isn't an affair in the vulgar sense—as that letter suggests—but I hoped she'd marry me when her decree was made absolute."

"But suppose the decree wasn't going to be made absolute?"

"What? But it was. It was going to be wound up next month."

"But Honeyman came down here to try to upset it."

"I don't know that for certain."

Polly put in quickly, "I was only afraid that he might be going to."

"I see. You were afraid, and Mr. Shelton was afraid. You both saw your plan to marry vanishing into thin air and you didn't know how to stop Honeyman or how much evidence he'd collected against you to lay before the court."

Polly just said quietly: "We both deny that. We had nothing to conceal, there was nothing my husband could have known about us."

But she wasn't as cool as she sounded. All at once the room was stifling, filled with the terrible implication of these suggestions.

To be continued

"Did YOUR Mummy use PEARS SOAP too?"

SO SILKY-SOFT was Grandpa's hair... so healthy a glow upon his cheeks, no wonder they made Susie Jane think of Mummy and Pears... Clear, fresh skin and Pears Soap go together in Susie's mind—like bedtimes and stories, strawberries and cream, sixpence and Saturdays.



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Page 10. "The Fat of the Land".
Medical authorities say people with paunches get that
way because they eat too much — it's *not* their glands.



Page 3.
"The Devil is a Gentleman".
Chafik — Charles Child's famous detective — goes to work on a
baffling mystery . . . involving Khurrem — the beautiful
Baghdad dancer.



Page 50. "Irish Lad".
J. C. Bendrodt writes the real story
of his attempt to win the Melbourne
Cup with Spam. (*part of the big
Special Spring Racing Section.)



Page 13.
Groucho Marx.
America's great film comedian
hands out some crazy advice on
"How to be a Spy".



Page 6. "Beauty in the Bar-room".
Color pictures and story on a lost
Australian art . . . featuring "Chloe",
Australia's most famous bar-room painting.

**Page 37. "Grandma's
Pantaloons".**
The story in pictures of the return to
lace-edged pantaloons and ruffled
petticoats.



Page 16. "Murder in Malaya"
An inside story from Ronald Monson, who
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***Pages 25-33.** A special section on the Spring racing
carnivals, including color pictures of Columist, San Domenico,
Riptide . . . the colorful histories of Flemington and Randwick . . .
and "Valley of Champions" — brilliant outdoor shots on Hunter
Valley stud farms.



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OCTOBER

A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY
A.M.

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. . . and remember — 8 complete stories!



GLENN FORD, who will play Don Jose opposite Rita Hayworth, will have no songs to sing, as the film is a drama with only an orchestral background.

The Loves of Carmen ...

RITA HAYWORTH, who has the title role in Columbia's technicolor version of Prosper Merimee's famous "Carmen," story of a fiery Spanish gipsy.

RON RANDELL (right) has his first costume role in a Hollywood film, as Andres, the ill-fated Spanish dragoon who falls in love with Carmen.



DANCE SCENE shows Rita Hayworth as Carmen during a ball in Madrid. Instead of being portrayed as the customary brunette beauty, the present Carmen is a red-head.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 9, 1948





"Well, all I can say is—Molly Archer is a fool!"

"Some women are blind as bats," the second voice broke in scornfully, "but I wouldn't let my husband out with a smart young widow like Arline Cray!"

The high-pitched voices rang out above a full in the cafe chatter, and in an adjoining alcove Molly Archer sat very still. She shrank back into the corner as the two women passed without a glance in her direction. One was Mrs. Mason, wife of John's foreman.

It wasn't fair of John, she thought fiercely, making her the subject of tea-table gossip. There was absolutely nothing in it, of course, John wasn't like that. They'd all been at school together, grown up together—then Arline Hutchins married Simon Cray and moved to another State. Now she'd been back in town a few months, widowed. John was sorry for her, that was all.

There was still a faint flush of resentment in her cheeks as she opened the front gate, and young Susan raced to meet her.

"Mummy, you are late—did you get the material for my new dress, and Daddy phoned to say not to wait dinner for him—he'll be late." The words fairly tumbled out as she took the parcels from her mother.

"The materials are all far too dear, Susan, you'll have to wear your pink frock again."

Molly felt tired and unhappy. She knew the child was bitterly disappointed; like most youngsters, she liked pretty frocks, and the pink one was horribly shabby. That's one thing John would never understand—the cost of keeping a home going these days didn't leave anything over for new clothes. They were only for smart widows like Arline Cray!

A sudden fear stabbed her—supposing John wasn't working back, supposing... As in a daze she heard herself telling Susan to start her homework, she'd be back in half an hour. She found herself walking three blocks to Arline's flat.

At the gate she hesitated. What would she do if John were there? What would he say? She didn't want

to make a scene, but if Arline Cray wanted John she'd have to fight for him. Young Susan's happiness was at stake, too!

As she walked slowly up the path, there was a little prayer in her heart, that John wasn't there, that she'd be able to go home and laugh at her silly fears... but the door opened, and, hearing voices, she stepped quickly into the shadow of a tall shrub. She heard footsteps, then John's voice saying:

"Well, I'm glad that's fixed, Arline. I know you'll make a good job of it. Home decorating is your flair, and you'll get good commission as well as your wages."

"I'm thrilled to bits, John. I love colour round me, every woman does, and with the good money I'll be able to make a real home for the twins. I hated leaving them scuzzed down south."

"I bet you did. I'd hate Susan to be away from me. But now this is all signed and sealed I'll post her to-night. You can go south in a week!"

"Oh yes. The twins will be delicious with joy when they hear. Thanks a lot, John. Only for you I wouldn't have got the job, so many were after it. But off you go, Molly will be tired of keeping your dinner hot, and with a gay laugh she went on, 'What would happen if any of the local gossips saw you leave a strange woman's flat at night?'"

As the steps died away the listener felt a wave of wild relief, she heard herself laughing almost hysterically. "There were quick steps, and Arline pulled her into the light streaming from the open door."

"MOLLY—what on earth," she began, "but come in out of the cold."

"No, I must go. Susan is home alone."

"But what's wrong? What brought you here?" Arline was fairly shaking her now.

"I'm a crazy little fool, Arline, worrying myself sick about... well, I thought, I heard..."

Arline stared incredulously, then she started to laugh, too. "You thought I was after John? My dear, he can't see past you and Susan. What would he see in me?"

"You're always so beautifully dressed, John would be proud to be seen out with you—any man would. I always look so shabby, and that makes me look years older than you, and our home is so depressing—John must love coming here."

"Listen, Molly, as an old friend take my tip. I've only a small income, but this is what I do."

She whispered a few words, Molly looked doubtful.

"It seems impossible—... but..." Arline laughed happily. "But it's true, my dear. It's a sure way of keeping your man interested!"

(See page 34 for what Arline whispered.)

Is yours just "SORT OF" hair...

SORT OF LIGHT? SORT OF DARK?

THESE 2 AMAZING
New MAKE-UP Shampoos
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Your hair will gleam
LIKE MOONBEAMS
ON A LAKE

BERLIN EXPRESS



1 PASSENGERS on the train from Paris to Germany include German Dr. Bernhardt (Paul Lukas) and his secretary Lucienne (Merle Oberon). Under false name, the doctor is helping Allies.

FILMED in Berlin, RKO's drama was made with the co-operation of the British, American, and Russian armies of occupation.

It is the story of an undercover plot made by conquered Nazis, who discover that a German statesman is working with the Allies on a plan to unify his country.



2 DISCUSSION arises on train trip between Lucienne and American traveler, Lindley (Robert Ryan), about rumor that Nazis have planned to bomb train.



3 INQUIRY after murder of secret-agent friend of doctor involves Frenchman Perrot (Charles Korvin).

4 IN BERLIN, Dr. Bernhardt, who has resumed real name, is kidnapped by Nazis. American occupation officers collect other passengers and ask for their assistance in helping to locate Bernhardt, who has important mission.



5 IN CELLAR, Lucienne and Lindley find Dr. Bernhardt with the help of Perrot. All three escape and Perrot kills the leader of the Nazi gang before they return to Allied Headquarters to report success and return to Paris.



6 STILL ON GUARD, Lindley and Lucienne foil a third attempt to kill Dr. Bernhardt, by unsuspected Nazi spy.

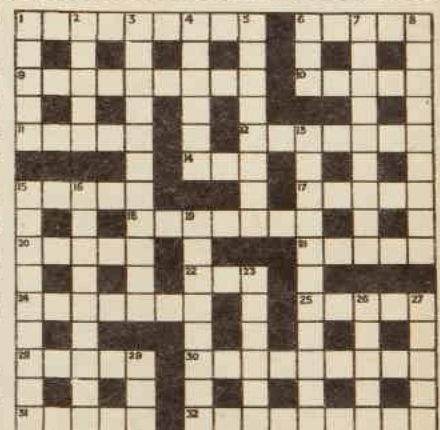
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 10

ACROSS

1. Hush-money might be brought by a native postman, but not on the day his American colleague might deliver a down (9).
2. Waiter, take me out a drink! (5).
3. The role, madam, is recast for this play (9).
4. The deceased came back and are let in when challenged (5).
5. Considering finishing the rain and starting the colery (5).
6. One in a high degree tardy is set apart (7).
7. Indicates the place beyond when not turned in (3).
8. Collectors will not find one on 1 across or 8 down (5).
9. Late division of 8 across, to be precise (5).
10. Vessel in which cracked nuts lie? (7).
11. Vessel that leads a returned sailor to wickedness (9).
12. Come in! (5).
13. Is he really simple hearted? (3).
14. If moved to pity contact the editor (7).
15. It must be overturned before German is rid of a human beast (5).
16. What's wrong with a Test Ma? (Nick may give you a clue) (5).
17. Pal Lave, me (anagram) (4,5) (What a brazen announcement!).
18. Weird as ever that is (5).
19. The finish annoyos and also exposes to injury (9).

DOWN

1. What a public transporter containing a Member down on a rough road? (5).
2. A name is everything to one (5).
3. Dinky hen: cup (anagram) (6, 9).
4. Why at the end of a track you will find indifference (5).
5. Refuse to disturb Jean with his supporters outside (8).
6. You and I would marry (3).
7. A boisterous woman made to take Royal Mail to the Khan in a camp shelter (9).
8. See 1 across (5).
9. Kitchen vessel in which to mix me a tent pole! (8, 3).
10. What's the matter if a passenger vehicle rises and has a stand? (9).
11. A foot with change takes you in as an attacker (9).
12. Vice need not be made un-likely to be legal information (5).
13. Feathered (6).
14. The king leads a top card with a short prayer (5).
15. Barriers of the seas (5).
16. The shouting when a man takes you in (3).
17. £10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 10 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close October 11, prize and solution in issue of November 6.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 9
ACROSS: 1-Sip-hon, 4-A-back, 10-Fire-arm, 11-Upshoot (anag.), 12-Inna, 13-Or-der (red turned), 15-Ex-pressive, 16-Tr/a/y, 18-Sod-a, 20-Chocolates, 24-Pup-pat show, 25-Ma-Ma, 27-On-tar-to, 28-Invalid, 29-Ado-re, 30-Plural.
DOWN: 1-Suffice (anag.), 2-Par-anip, 3-O-pal, 5-Bent-o-w, 6-C-boy-der (red turned), 7-X marks the spot (10s turned), 8-Queen Victoria (anag.), 9-Starry, 14-New, 17-Il, 18-Sap rot (anag.), 19-Dw/put/ed, 21-Trawler, 22-Scan-dal (ad turned), 23-T-error, 26-O-val.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 9: £10 to Mr. V. Loonran, 103 West St., Rockhampton, Qld.; £5 to Miss M. Graham, 17 Pindon St., Hawthorn, Vic.; £3 to Mrs. G. D. Clarke, 12 Belmont Ave., New, Vic.

Official story on the background to **HOLDEN** GENERAL MOTORS NEW AUSTRALIAN CAR

This is more than the story of the new Australian car, Holden. It is the story of the greatest event in Australian motoring history . . . the birth of a completely new car—a car designed for Australia and built in Australia . . . the first car made-to-order for this country.

WHEN General Motors decided to design and manufacture a car specially for Australian conditions, a survey was first made. This survey showed that the outstanding characteristics of an Australian car should be dependability, low first cost, low fuel consumption, roominess without unnecessary bulk, good performance on all roads, smart styling and a nation-wide service and spare parts availability.

This was the blue-print engineers worked to . . . this was the challenge to build an entirely new car which would answer the needs of most Australians.

The result is Holden—a car which you will see soon, a car which will open your eyes to a new conception of value . . . a value you get in better design, ample power, surprising economy, real comfort, new safety and low price.

No Organisation but General Motors could build Holden.

Holden will set a new standard in car values because it is backed by

the full resources of General Motors Corporation, the world's biggest manufacturer of automotive products. General Motors represents a pool of talent and experience which for years has led the industry in research, design, proving ground techniques and manufacturing facilities.

Latest Manufacturing Methods

General Motors engineers not only designed this new car, but planned also the Australian plants in which it will be produced. The newly erected manufacturing plant at Fishermen's Bend, Melbourne, is as advanced as anything of its kind in the world. Its cost, including the new mechanised foundry, exceeds £2,100,000, and the body-building plant at Woodville, South Australia, has been completely reorganised by the additional expenditure of £1,750,000. New plant, new equipment and new techniques have been brought to Australia to ensure accurate and high-quality production of a car that can

proudly take its place beside such famous General Motors vehicles as Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet and Vauxhall.

Two Years of Testing

The best and final test of any car is, of course, in the hands of the owner. But before General Motors engineers gave the O.K. to start production, a number of Holden test cars were run over a durability route near Melbourne for nearly two years. This durability route closely parallels the General Motors Proving Ground in America in the number of miles of different road surface types. If anything, it is more severe. Each car was run for at least 50,000 miles in the hard grind of test driving, estimated to be equal to at least 200,000 miles of normal owner driving.

Now Holden is almost ready. It is a car you'll like as soon as you see it in a few weeks' time. It is a thoroughbred with a background that no other car has . . . designed by the best brains in the industry . . . tested with almost inconceivable thoroughness . . . built with the world's most modern equipment, and backed by all the "know-how" of General Motors in building over 33,000,000 motor vehicles.

★ *It is fitting that the new Australian car should bear the name HOLDEN. For more than 30 years the Holden Motor Body Works of South Australia have been famous. After the merger with General Motors (Australia) Ltd. in 1931 the Company became General Motors-Holden's Ltd., and the first Chairman of Directors was the late Sir Edward Holden, K.B. The HOLDEN car will worthily carry on a great tradition of Australian industrial development.*

Call on or write to any Holden Distributor or Dealer and get your copy of this booklet, "GENERAL MOTORS NEW AUSTRALIAN CAR." It's free. It tells you just what General Motors backing of a new car means to you. It's your best guide to a real assessment of future motor car values.



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the Whole Story*

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S.R.

TOOTHPASTE

Help save teeth with
this new kind
of toothpaste



SR.27.1429

Love Me, Love My Doghouse

Continued from page 23

SUDDENLY the duck, far downstream, flapped a wing. Sport, his long neck sticking up out of the water like a periscope, saw it, changed his course, and got the duck. Steve shook his head. It couldn't happen, but it did.

Only five dogs got through this series. Smythe-Jones' Tar Baby, a wise old champion, was the only one who seemed to have no trouble with the current. His owner strutted round among the crowd.

He passed Nancy and Steve heard her say, "Hello, Harry Jones."

"Smythe-Jones," he corrected her, flushing faintly. "Er, hello, Nancy."

Eager walked up with Sport. Nancy looked Smythe-Jones in the eye and said "You know my husband, of course."

"How do you do," murmured Smythe-Jones, his face crimson.

"I have introduced you twice, myself," Nancy said relentlessly.

"Punny," said Eager Moorehead. "I don't remember."

Smythe-Jones fled, a defeated man. Then Nancy turned, looked at Sport hesitantly and pulled his ear.

Edgar beamed. "What a dog! Steve, did you see him go through those decoys? Never even looked at them."

Steve sighed.

"Listen," he said, "you lucky lunatic. Do you realise you've got a chance to win? There are only five dogs left. Right now, I'd say Sport is first and Tar Baby second. You'd better pray the judges have seen all they want."

The judges held a long consultation. Finally they summoned Steve, and told him they wanted one more series, a blind retrieve through decoys and across water. This one will finish Sport, thought Steve.

Eager said, "Well, it's only another duck for the big boy to retrieve." But Steve noticed he was having trouble lighting his cigarette.

The five handlers, four professionals and Eager, were instructed to hold their dogs behind the gallery so the dogs couldn't see what was going on. A duck was hidden in a clump of weeds on the far shore of the river, just below the picnic grove.

The first dog was then brought up, a golden retriever. He had a difficult time. But his handler finally persuaded him across the river and at last he found the duck on shore and started swimming back with it.

Nancy nudged Steve and said, "Look at Smythe-Jones. Isn't he letting Tar Baby peek?"

Steve walked over and told him bluntly to take the dog behind the gallery. Smythe-Jones blustered that he hadn't heard the instructions, but he went.

Then Tar Baby's number was called.

When the tricky professional who handled for Smythe-Jones sent Tar Baby into the water he gave the dog a line far upstream, instead of directly across the river, and Steve wondered why. Then he saw Tar Baby immediately swim downstream. The handler blasted angrily on his whistle and hand-signalled the dog upstream again, but the dog stubbornly kept swimming down.

Then Steve knew why Smythe-Jones had insisted on using the river. It was obvious now that his trainer had been working his dogs here before the trial, a crooked trick, training them to swing far downstream for ducks drifting in the current.

Now the judges had tripped him up by planting a duck on land, across the river, where it couldn't drift. Steve chuckled, watching Smythe-Jones, whose face grew more and more purple as the handler blasted his whistle and frantically waved his arms, and the dog stubbornly zigzagged farther and farther downstream, until he finally disappeared around a bend. Smythe-Jones was out of the trial.

"A man can stand a lot as long as he can stand himself. He can live without hope, without friends, without books, even without music, as long as he can listen to his own thoughts."

—Axel Munthe

What was that object in his mouth? Not a duck, but what?

And then Steve saw Sport proudly offered up to Eager—an empty beer bottle.

There was silence in the gallery. Those picnicers, groaned Steve. They left the bottle over there.

Eager's face was white. He slowly reached down and took the bottle from the dog, and tossed it in the river. Then he snapped his leash on Sport and started walking blindly towards his car.

Steve turned and saw Nancy running towards her husband.

"Eager!" she cried. "Where do you think you're going? You send that dog back for the duck."

"He's through," said Eager, sadly. Nancy said, "You send him back!"

Eager hesitated and stole a look at the judges. Their backs were turned. He stepped back into the blind, unspooled the leash, and sent Sport into the river again. He went straight through the decoys and straight across the river, then climbed up the far bank. This time he picked up what was unmistakably a duck, and returned with it. The gallery applauded wildly.

The golden retriever won the trial. The judges told Steve to announce their regret that they could award no other places, since no other dogs had completed all the tests.

"But Sport did," Nancy protested indignantly.

"Yes," said Steve, "but, unfortunately, he threw in an extra one."

Nancy was down on the ground with her arms round Sport's shaggy neck, to the detriment of her new outfit.

Eager said, "Steve, when is the next trial?"

Pity help us, thought Steve. Now he's discovered field trials.

"Never mind," sighed Nancy. "You can keep Sport in the house." Sport ran a long, damp tongue over her make-up, and beat the ground with his tail.

"But, mind you," she added firmly. "He's to stay off the dining-room table."

"What do you mean, dining-room table?" demanded Eager. "This is no trick dog. This is a field trial dog."

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Even Venus couldn't
get away
with that!

To stay on her pedestal, a goddess should stay nice to be near!

Your beauty will get a lift from that fragrant bath! But what's to keep your freshness from fading after the bath is over?

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

ADVICE about dresses for bridal attendants at summer weddings, the changing silhouette of the playsuit, and the growing importance of brown as an accessory color with black is part of the fashion information given this week in answer to readers' questions.

Bridal attendants

"I WOULD like your help in designing dresses for the flower-girl, aged seven, and the brides-maid, aged 18, who will attend me at my wedding in November. We are having candy-pink taffeta for the dresses, and I am wondering if it would be correct to have them made in the same style. The brides-maid prefers a high neckline, because she is bony at the neck and shoulders. What colors do you suggest for flowers and hats? My dress is to be white taffeta, and I'm carrying a white bouquet."

Certainly, have your bridal attendants dressed alike. I can't think of anything prettier than candy-pink taffeta for their frocks. Have them made with all-round fullness in the skirts, and the bodice top finished with tiny sleeves and shirred net yokes. The net yokes would be in the same candy-pink as



the dresses. If you are not able to buy the correct shade of net, do the job yourself with cold-water dyes. I suggest bonnet-shaped hats made of white straw and trimmed with pink shirred net (to match the net yokes of the dresses) and finished with pink net streamers. The girls could carry white flowers—gardenias, camellias, or flat white daisies. A pink and white wedding looks sweet in summertime.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Playsuit problem

"WILL a three-piece classic playsuit, suitable for the beach or tennis, still be in fashion for summer?"

The three-piece classic fashion this summer, but it has changed slightly to conform to present fashions. The shirt top has softer shoulders, made without pads, the shorts are shorter and more fitted, and the skirt is fuller.

Ankle hemlines

"DO you consider an ankle-length dinner dress is suitable for a formal occasion? I would also like you to tell me if this fashion is strictly for teenagers. Still another question, should the hemline be straight all round, and should the neckline be low and off the shoulders?"

It all depends upon what you call formal. I would list an ankle-length dress as a dinner dress. The length is not peculiar to any particular age group, it is worn by teenagers as well as by adults. You will see skirts treated in two ways—ankle-length all round, or dipping to the heel-top at the back. The bodice can be strapless type (often with a separate stole) or covered up, with sleeves of almost any length.

Sports skirt

"I HAVE a problem I am hoping you will solve for me in Dress Sense. I want to make myself a sports skirt, and do not want it to be very full."

For a sports skirt, pleats—pressed and unpressed—are a fashionable way to achieve comfortable walking room without excessive fullness. You could have a skirt with a straight front, and one deep, unpressed pleat centred at the back; or four deep inverted pleats one on each side seam and one centre front and centre back. Another alternative would be all-round pleats.

Brown with black

"MY clothes are mainly black, wine, or grey, and I want to buy a pair of shoes which will go with all three. I am in my middle forties."

As an accessory note brown is new combined with black; grey and wine also have an affinity for brown. For shoes in brown you have a choice of a black brown or a red brown, either is correct. Another accessories color to think about is bronze. It, too, looks excellent with grey, black, and wine.

Fashion FROCKS

Designs illustrated are obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. Please make second color choice.

Mary Anne



white; luggage-brown, printed in white; and navy, printed in white.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/11. Postage, 1/6d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 57/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/9. Postage, 1/9d. extra.

"**DOREEN.**" A bow-trimmed house-gown. The material is a brocaded taffeta, the colors are rose, green, and gold.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/11; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 73/9. Postage, 1/9d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 57/6; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 59/9. Postage, 1/9d. extra.

"**MARY ANNE.**" A pretty pinafore designed with a square neckline and full skirt. The material is printed spun rayon. Colors are green, printed in white; sage-blue, printed in

"**ROSEMARY.**" A shirtmaker blouse. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine, the colors are white, pastel-blue, and pastel-pink.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage, 10d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 21/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 22/3. Postage, 10d. extra.

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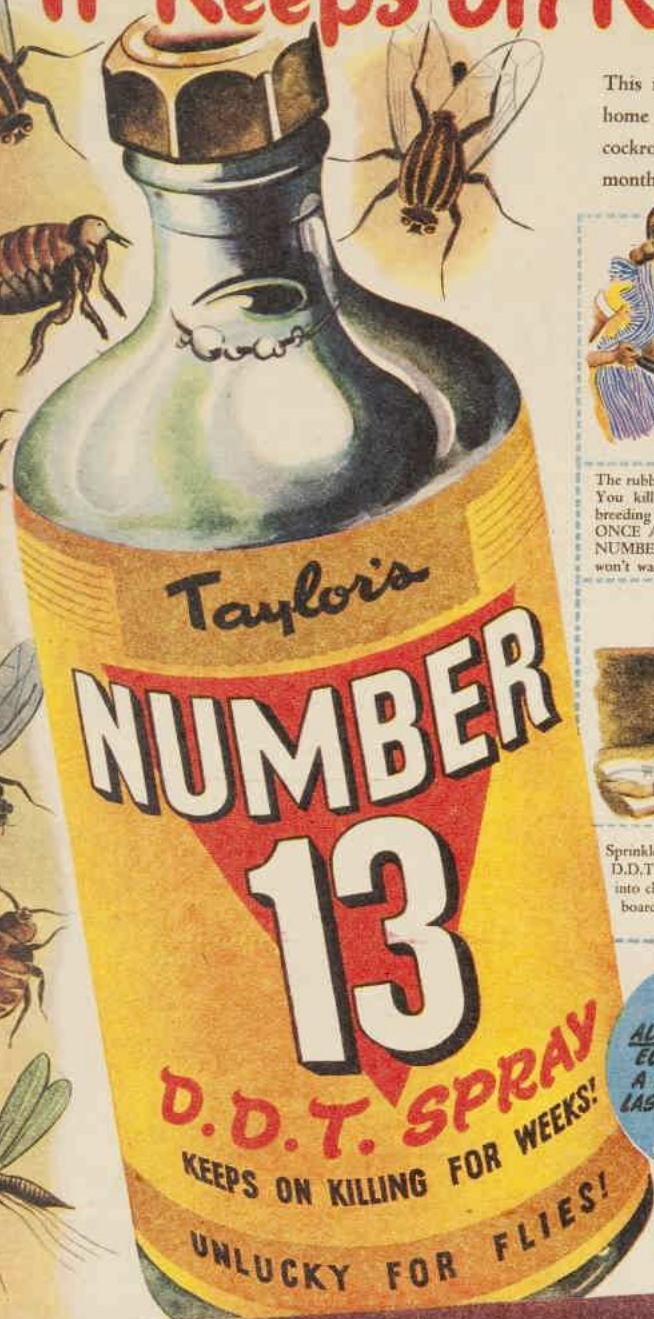
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It Keeps on Killing for weeks!

This is the true miracle insect spray. You use it once a month and it keeps your home free of insects. It kills flies, silverfish, ants, moths of all kinds, mosquitoes, cockroaches, sandflies, fleas, bed-bugs and all other insect pests. Spray once a month—it keeps on killing for weeks!



The rubbish tin is where flies breed. You kill adult flies and stop all breeding when you spray the tin ONCE A MONTH with Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Spray. Rain won't wash it off.



Once a month, spray Taylor's NUMBER 13 on curtains, ceilings, walls, carpets, skirting boards etc. Bedrooms free of mosquitoes! The house free of silverfish! No more flies or other insects!



★ **VERY IMPORTANT!**—Painting the sashes with Taylor's NUMBER 13, instead of spraying, prevents D.D.T. film appearing on the glass. Use the new method—PAINT it on the window ledges and frames.



Sprinkle Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Powder once a month into clothes cupboards, food cupboards, and under mattresses.



To keep your dog free of fleas and protected against ticks, dust him once a month with Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Powder. Happy dog—he can't bring fleas into the house any more!



Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Emulsion Concentrate kills such agricultural insect pests as codlin moth, thrip, mirids, harlequin bug, cabbage moth and others. (See details on label.)

1/6 A BOTTLE
ALSO THE FAMILY
ECONOMY SIZE—
A FULL PINT TO
LAST ALL SUMMER
3/2 A BOTTLE

INSECTS FLY OUTSIDE TO DIE

Any insect touching a surface sprayed with NUMBER 13 is doomed. It must die. But it does not die instantly—and, by instinct, it seeks to get out into the open air.

Leave doors and windows open for fresh air. You will be surprised how few insects you will find indoors.



Taylor's
NUMBER 13
D.D.T. PRODUCTS
SPRAY: POWDER: EMULSION



2/4
A BOTTLE

Taylor's
NUMBER 13
D.D.T. POWDER

In the handy, purple tin with the sprinkler lid. Easy to use and safe on the human skin.



1/3
A LARGE TIN

Taylor's
NUMBER 13
D.D.T. EMULSION
CONCENTRATE

It mixes in a second. Then spray on trees, plants or vegetables as directed on the label.

Products of the Chemical Laboratories of Taylor's Paints Pty. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.

AT ALL STORES EVERYWHERE



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Your Perfume... fragrant completion of your personality. More essentially 'YOU' than anything else about you. Key-note of your character, to be chosen with care, worn with discretion and remembered with romantic excitement wherever you leave your fragrance on the air.



'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

Sophistication with an undertone of romance. The Perfume that men love women to wear.



'JUNE'

A fresh and natural bouquet. The smell of a thousand flowers sealed in a crystal flask.



'MISCHIEF'

Gaily mischievous... young and charming. Presented in wickedly smart black and chrome flasks, some of which come in the cute 'Tinsy Topper' containers.



Saville

PERFUMES

SAVILLE PERFUMER, PICCADILLY, LONDON

FIBROSITIS* and Rheumatic Pain Fought in 30 Minutes

★ (Pains in muscles, hands, arms, shoulders, back, legs, and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs, due to Fibrositis, you should do these 3 things to relieve your troubles: 1. Rest the affected part. 2. Use heat applications for temporary relief. 3. Take Romind at bedtime.

Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which devitalize your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

Because of its three-way action Romind gives quick and positive results and is so successful that you are asked to try it under the guarantee that it must relieve your pain to your complete satisfaction or your money back on return of empty flask. Get Romind from your chemist today.

Note: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind. ★

Romind



BLEMISHES

Spots, roughness and soreness mar the beauty of skin and complexion! Use Cuticura Soap regularly—its antiseptic and medicinal properties make and keep the skin exquisitely smooth and charming. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

Cuticura SOAP



THE OUTDOOR GIRL needs a working formula for taking beauty from the sun; just a few sensible rules ensure a sun-kissed look that continues smoothly through the summer.

SUN ON THE SKIN

● The sunbath is one of nature's most enjoyable aids to beauty, and the first balmy Sunday finds beaches crowded with people eager for its warm caress.

SUNBATHS give a glamorous, healthy color to the skin and supply useful vitamins. As well, intelligent sunning and open-air living may help to overcome skin blemishes.

Exactly what constitutes how, and how long, to sunbathe is a seasonal topic that is never exhausted, because it is hard to generalise.

It's a matter of every woman for herself, and heaven help the one who does not know her own skin, and how much sun it will take.

Skin pigment determines the degree of tan. The more pigment there is, the quicker, easier, and the darker suntan acquired, and the more durable the color.

If one happens to possess the admirably pigmented type usually found in brunettes that comfortably soaks up all the sun it can get, caution is not so vital.

At the other end of the scale is the sensitive, white skin that burns and burns again, painfully, unattractively. It is a fine idea to douse this well with a sunproof preparation, and, instead of stretching out in the sun, try to stay under an umbrella or in the shade most of the time.

Among the most susceptible to heat rays are blondes, redheads, some brunettes with white skins, children, and old people.

Even the average skin needs gentle and knowledgeable handling, particularly at the beginning of the season. The point to remember is that sunburn, as distinct from suntan, is ruinous to the fine texture and fairness of the skin. Even after deep tanning, it is doubtful whether the skin ever regains its translucence.

These are some pointers to help ward off simple sunburn and encourage a dusky tone:

● Take to the sun gradually, beginning with small doses, gradually extending the basking time.

● Expose the front of the legs for two or three minutes the first day, in order to determine the reaction. If a mild redness appears four, five,

or six hours later, that can be regarded as a satisfactory result, and the rest of the skin may be treated similarly. Allow the redness to disappear before the second dose.

● Apply suntan lotion, oil, or cream generously over all uncovered areas; remember a double dose for nose, lips, eyelids, and the tender skin where the bathing suit leaves new areas exposed.

● Insteps, shinbones, knees, and shoulders are also tender spots; girls with fine, thin hair should pay attention to the crown of the head, and, with the season's shorter hairstyles, the nape needs extra care.

● Eyes are especially sensitive to ultra-violet. At the beach or under a sun lamp, they should be protected with an opaque covering, or with sun glasses.

● As with oven-roasting, the more you turn while sunbathing, the more even the tan, because all surfaces get some coverage.

● Children should be told it is unsafe to sleep under a hot sun. Adults should know that direct rays beating on one part of the body for any length of time are dangerous.

● A recommended routine for small children is to expose the hands and wrists only the first day for ten minutes. Next day, the face, too, for ten minutes; uncover a little more of the youngster each day, until it is obviously safe to pare down to little in the way of sun clothing.

● Doctors warn that if, after a session in the sun, you do not sleep well that night, you have had too much sun for you, even though you did abide by the "two or three minutes the first day" rule, and must ration timing more closely.

● Legs that have a dry, flaky look, arms and elbows that are not as smooth as they might be, body skin that has a tendency to itch after tanning are all signs that a body balm or lotion is required—just a few drops in the palm of the hand, smoothed over body skin, will be quickly absorbed by the moisture-hungry epidermis. Best used immediately after the bath while pores are still open and receptive.

Line & Loveliness

In new season's undies for wear 'neath summer frocks



You'll love the new range of superbly cut Hanro undies in lovely long wearing fabrics. Sometimes stocks are scarce—but it will be worth your while to keep on asking for Hanro.

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Hanro
THE QUALITY IS A PROUD TRADITION

SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

IT HAPPENS IN TWO SECONDS



MAKE THE GLASS OF WATER TEST YOURSELF!

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. Within 2 seconds, it starts to disintegrate. That's what happens when you swallow it—hence the quick relief.

Within two seconds, an expert drummer can beat his drum at the amazing rate of 1200 taps per minute!



And, as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets they're ready to go to work to bring you

FAST PAIN RELIEF

From headache, colds, 'flu or any muscular pain or ache, you get amazingly fast relief when you take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets. They begin to disintegrate so quickly after you swallow them, because three important steps—not just one—are employed in their quality manufacture purposely to ensure this speed.

Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are effective—but gentle. Their single active ingredient is one which doctors prescribe regularly for the relief of pain. Millions of people all over the world pin their faith to Bayer's Aspirin Tablets.

ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE **BAYER'S ASPIRIN** TABLETS



Kraft Fish Supreme



Just as tasty HOT!

Kraft Fish Supreme is delicious served hot. Cover with smooth white or Kraft Cheese Sauce for Mornay Supreme or roll in bread crumbs and fry for tempting Fish Supreme Croquettes.

It's the newest way to exciting variety in summer menus—firm tasty fish, straight from the tin to your table.

Blend it with your favorite salad vegetables—spread it on sandwiches—use it to add interest to tempting savouries—or for a super special treat, serve it with tangy Kraft Mayonnaise.



**KRAFT
FISH SUPREME**
1/3 per 8 oz. tin

SLIGHTLY DEARER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS

Listen to "MARY LIVINGSTONE M.D." every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.



● Menus on this page are planned for the main meal of the day, but any of the salads would make a good one-course luncheon.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

PLANNING of warm weather menus to please all members of the family is not an easy task. Some people enjoy an all-cold dinner, and others prefer a menu which includes at least one hot dish.

Menus on this page cater for both types.

The main-dish salads are simple, appetising, and satisfying... they include meat or fish to give the meal the necessary nutritional balance.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)
Jellied Tomato Broth
Salad Croquettes with Lettuce
Tomato, Pineapple, and Cucumber
Rhubarb Cream Pie
Biscuits and Cheese
Coffee.

JELLIED TOMATO BROTH

Two level dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 pint tomato juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 slice of onion, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1 pint cold water, sliced cucumber and parsley to garnish.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place tomato juice, sugar, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, onion, meat extract, and cold water into saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Remove onion, allow to cool, stir in dissolved gelatine. Turn into wetted basin, chill until set. Leave in basin and chop thoroughly with knife before removing to serving-dish or individual plates. Garnish with thinly sliced cucumber and parsley sprigs.

SUMMER SALAD PLATTER

Salad croquettes, lettuce leaves, curled celery, sliced cucumber, tomatoes, pineapple, cream - cheese balls.

Salad Croquettes: Two cups



JELLIED TOMATO BROTH, salad platter featuring soft, creamy meat balls, and rhubarb cream pie make a refreshing, satisfying dinner menu. See recipes on this page.

Warm Weather Menus

minced cooked meat (lamb, beef, veal, or tinned luncheon meat), 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons chopped ham, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, egg-glazing and browned crumbs for covering, small quantity flour for shaping.

Combine meat, onion, sauce, soft breadcrumbs, ham, parsley, salt, pepper; mix well. Shape a spoonful at a time into croquettes about the size of a golf ball, using flour for shaping. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in browned crumbs. Allow to stand a few minutes, dip again in egg-glazing, toss again in crumbs. Deep-fry in flaming fat until golden brown. Drain well on kitchen paper. Allow to become cold. Arrange on serving-platter on bed of lettuce leaves. Garnish platter with sliced cucumber, sliced tomato, sliced pineapple, cream-cheese balls, and curled celery. Serve mayonnaise separately.

RHUBARB CREAM PIE

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1½ cups cooked rhubarb and 1 cup cooked apples (both drained free of syrup), 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, 1 dessertspoon gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons hot water, green coloring, toasted coconut to decorate.

Roll pastry on floured board, line 7-in. tart plate. Prick base well with

fork. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to become quite cold. Spread base of tart with combined rhubarb and apple, adding a little pink coloring if desired. Prepare creamy topping. Melt margarine or butter, add flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk and sugar, continue stirring until boiling. Add grated fruit rinds. When slightly cool fold in soaked gelatine and a little green coloring. When beginning to thicken pour gently over rhubarb, decorate with toasted coconut. Chill until set. This tart may be prepared with any well-drained stewed fruit.

MENU 2

Fish Luncheon Platter
with
Cold Vegetable Salad
Banana Queen Pudding
Fruit
Coffee.

FISH LUNCHEON PLATTER

Five or 6 filets bream or flathead, 1 pint white sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 chopped gherkin, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped, par-boiled red or green pepper (may be omitted), 1 heaped teaspoon gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons hot water, 3 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, lettuce leaves, curled celery, lemon wedges and parsley to garnish.

Wash filets in salted water, dry, rub with cut lemon. Place in shal-

low ovenware dish, add water to barely cover bottom of dish. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Lift carefully on to flat dish, allow to become quite cold. Combine sauce, lemon juice, cayenne, gherkin, parsley, chopped red or green pepper, soaked gelatine. When beginning to thicken spoon carefully over each fillet, completely coating the fish. Chill until firm and set. Trim round edges, arrange on lettuce leaves. Cut tomatoes in halves, dust with salt and pepper, sprinkle with grated cheese. Arrange on platter with fish, garnish with curled celery, lemon wedges, and parsley.

COLD VEGETABLE SALAD

Two cups diced cooked potato, 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 cup cooked cubed carrot, 1½ cups cooked green peas, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 3 finely chopped shallots, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Place vegetables into large bowl; add mint, shallots, and mayonnaise. Toss lightly to mix well. Turn into serving dish, garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg.

BANANA QUEEN PUDDING

Four bananas, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons honey, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1½ cups cake crumbs, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, pink sugar to decorate. Peel and quarter bananas, place

in ovenware dish with melted margarine or butter. Combine honey and lemon juice, pour over bananas. Cover with cake crumbs, top with warmed apricot jam. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Whip egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar and beat to meringue consistency. Pile roughly on to pudding, return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and very lightly browned. Sprinkle with pink sugar before serving.

MENU 3

Cheese Souffle
Lamb's Tongues in Aspic Jelly
Potato Salad
Chilled Pineapple Charlotte
Coffee.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3 eggs, 1 cup grated cheese.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, cayenne pepper. Continue stirring until boiling. Fold in cheese, egg-yolks, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased ovenware dish (should not be more than half full). Stand in dish of cold water, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours or until well puffed up, lightly browned, and set. Serve immediately.

LAMBS' TONGUES IN ASPIC JELLY

Four or 5 salted lamb's tongues, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 1 cup hot water, 1 cup

stock from tongues, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 cloves, thin piece lemon rind, 2 slices of onion, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 2 or 3 sprigs parsley.

Wash and trim tongues, place in warm water, bring to boil. Cook steadily until tender, 2 to 2½ hours. Skin, slice lengthwise. Place stock, water, vinegar, cloves, lemon rind, onion, salt, and parsley in saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes, strain, add dissolved gelatine. Arrange sliced tongues in wetted mould, pour jelly over. Chill until set. Unmould on to lettuce leaves, serve with potato salad.

CHILLED PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE

Four thick slices pineapple, 1½ cups water, 1 cup sugar, 1 packet pineapple jelly crystals, fingers of day-old cake (plain sponge or butter cake), cherries to decorate.

Place pineapple into saucepan with sugar and water. Simmer until quite soft. Lift out, cool; chop finely, reserving 1 slice to decorate mould. Pour syrup on to jelly crystals, stir until dissolved. Set a thin layer of jelly on bottom of wetted mould. Cut the 4 slice pineapple into 4 pieces, place on set jelly with cherries between pieces. Line sides of mould with cake fingers, pour in a little more jelly and allow to set. When balance of jelly is beginning to thicken whip with rotary beater until thick and creamy. Fold in chopped pineapple, fill into mould. Chill until set. Unmould on to serving platter when required.

Bake
Serve and
Store in
the same
Pyrex
dish!



Agee Pyrex is guaranteed
against breakage
in oven use.

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PYREX

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CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

IS YOUR PYREX SET COMPLETE?

It will pay you to keep on adding to your Pyrex dishes until you have a COMPLETE set . . . a set which enables you to meet ANY cooking occasion. Take casseroles, for instance; you need more than one size. You need ramekins, pie dishes, individual dishes, pie plates, utility dishes (as illustrated in this advertisement), and so on. Ask your favourite store to show you the full variety of Agee Pyrex. No need to buy them all at once. Make a weekly addition. With average care, Agee Pyrex is a life-time investment.

"How anyone can be bothered cooking in one dish, serving in another, and using yet another for 'cold-storing' the left-over is quite beyond ME! It's just a waste of time and energy. Agee Pyrex is so inexpensive and is such a wonderful boon that I can't understand ANY woman trying to get along without it. Food COOKS better in Pyrex, it LOOKS better when placed on the table in Pyrex—and there's no better STORAGE dish than Pyrex. Unless you LIKE endless washing-up . . . unless you LIKE a lot of fuss and palaver . . . do as I've done . . . equip your kitchen with a complete range of Agee Pyrex dishes. They cost comparatively little . . . but they keep on saving money, time and trouble."



SPAGHETTI CAPRI

2 cups cooked spaghetti, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted fat, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs (beaten), 2 cups milk, 1 tin tomato soup, 2 cups grated cheese.

Combine all ingredients (except tomato soup) and season with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and dash of red pepper. Place in a greased PYREX casserole. Bake for 45 minutes in a slow oven (400°). Remove and pour soup into the casserole, and bake another 15 minutes.



HIDDEN TREASURE

1 cup macaroni (uncooked), 2 level tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 dozen oysters, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine breadcrumbs, milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water. Strain liquid from oysters. Add enough milk to oyster liquid to make one cup. Flavour with salt and pepper. Fill greased PYREX casserole with layers of macaroni and oysters, dotting the butter on each layer. Pour liquid over mixture and top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Cook in a moderate oven (450°) for 20 minutes. Garnish with strips of tomato and parsley.

PROVED...

by thousands of satisfied gardeners

"NYLEX" brand Hose, with years of proven performance — will give you easier, cleaner, faster watering — and never perish!

"NYLEX" Plastic Hose is light and tough — can't kink — will stand all your hard work and abuse. Made in five bright colours. 2 sizes, lengths to 300 ft. Prices, 60 ft. coils: 1/2" — 58/6, 3/4" — 115/-.



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JONES
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Cabinet and portable models.
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**KILL ALL INSECT
PESTS IN YOUR
HOME**
AND SAFEGUARD THE HEALTH
OF YOUR FAMILY



MORTEIN PLUS contains Pyrethrum and EXTRA D.D.T. Sprayed into the air, it immediately kills flies, mosquitoes and all insect pests. Sprayed on to walls, ceilings and other surfaces, it leaves a deposit which keeps on killing for weeks.

Safeguard the health of your family by spraying regularly with MORTEIN PLUS. Refuse imitations.

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WHEN YOU'RE
ON A GOOD
THING—
STICK TO IT!



THE DEN. This long room is most attractive, with off-white walls and curtains, amethyst carpet, and gold and amethyst chairs. Landscape windows overlook sun terrace and garden.

Enchanting color scheme for Victorian home

HERE are glimpses of attractive rooms in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Powell, St. George's Road, Toorak, Victoria.

A dramatic scheme has been worked out in the den, which is furnished in amethyst and old-gold tonings with off-white walls, and matching drapes at the big windows.

Lowliest room of all is the main bedroom. The walls are softest powder-blue, the carpet a deep dusky-pink, and the rich, self-patterned satin bedcovers and window drapes are apple-blossom-pink.

Treatment of make-up table built into a windowed alcove will interest all homemakers. See picture on this page.

Mrs. Powell is especially skilled at arranging flowers, and does them herself, changing them every few days, thus giving the rooms fresh touches of color.—EVE GYE.

Training baby

By Sister MARY JACOB

PARENTS must face the fact that babies do develop bad habits as well as good ones.

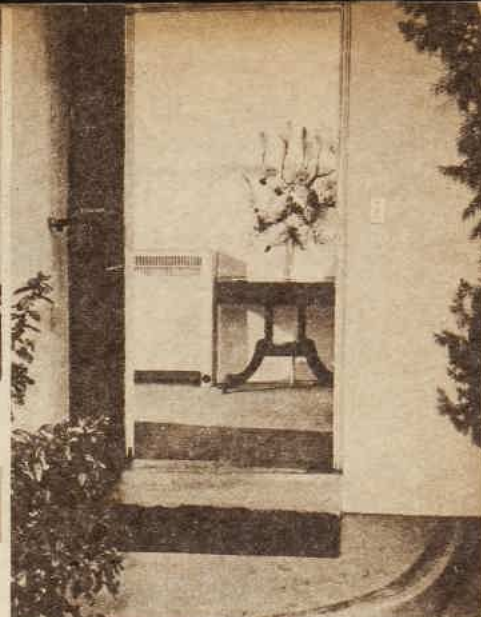
A baby has to adjust himself to his environment, and he is influenced by hereditary characteristics.

If parents discuss and agree on a child's training before he is born, he will probably benefit. As soon as he becomes a member of the family, everything done for him, to him, and about him has some influence.

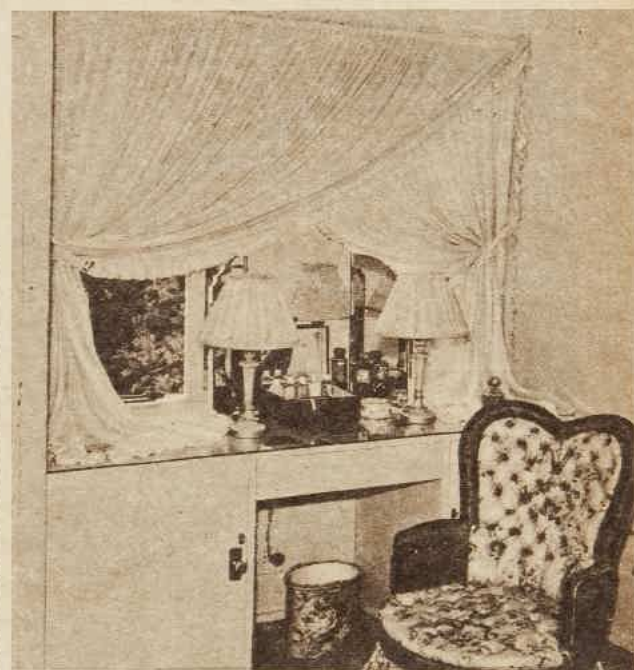
The first step is to see that baby forms the right habits in regard to eating, sleeping, exercise, evacuation, etc., from the beginning.

Undesirable habits sometimes develop due to illness, poor training, and bad example.

A leaflet giving information about nervous habits in young babies and toddlers can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



VIEW of entrance hall from the front steps. At left, staircase leads to the bedrooms and nursery above, and to the right is the spacious lounge, two glimpses of which are shown on opposite page.



GLIMPSE of Mrs. Powell's dressing-room shows make-up table set in window alcove. Notice how the soft blue marquisette curtains froth on to the mirror-topped table. Luxurious tub chair with heart-shaped back is in amethyst satin and pale blue chintz splashed with roses.

**THANK YOU
DOCTOR**



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Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
in unbreakable plastic tubes. E.I.A.

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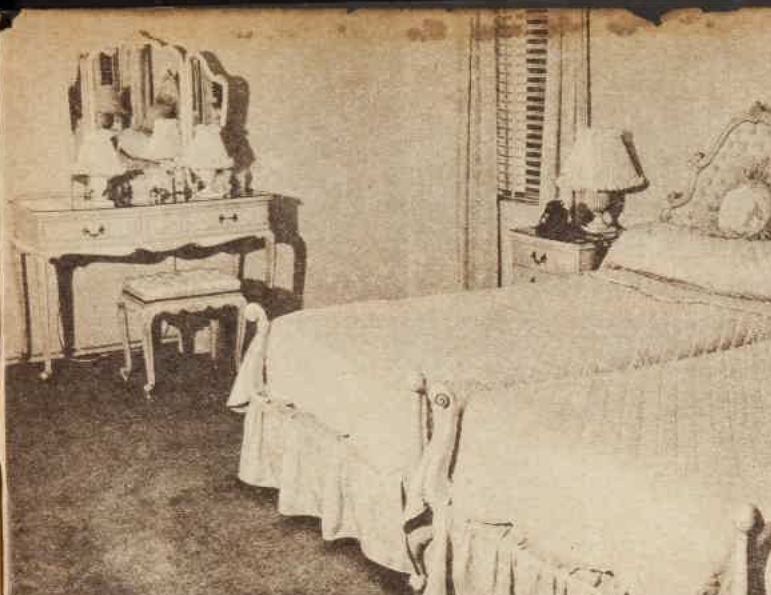
KEEP ON ASKING FOR

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC
THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS



BC 12



MAIN bedroom in the Powells' home. This lovely room, section of which is shown left, has walls of palest blue and brocade drapes at the windows. A deep pink carpet covers the floor; furniture is antique gold-lined ivory. The richly padded covers of bed, also stool - top, are of apple-blossom - pink satin with leaf design.

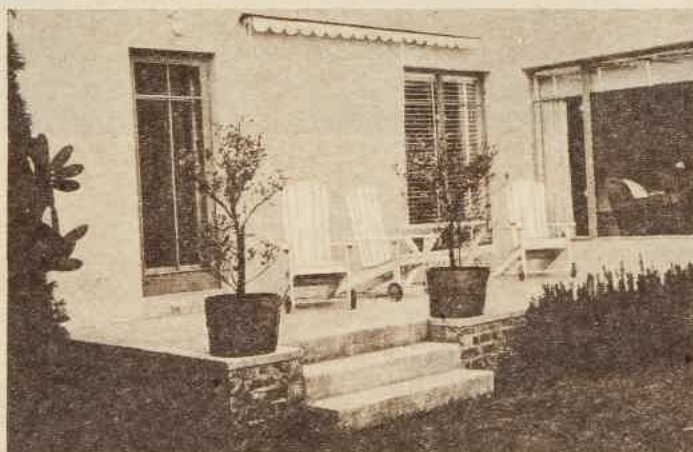


CORNER OF LOUNGE: Walls are mushroom-pink; also carpet and window drapes. Lounge is covered with patterned off-white fabric.



FIREPLACE is the focal point; mantelpiece arrangement is simple but effective. Hearth rug is off-white; two others in room are in delicate pink and soft blue.

THE SUN terrace (right) at the rear of the Powells' home, St. George's Road, Toorak, Victoria. One of the den windows is seen at right. Notice attractive furniture on wheels, and big awning for shade on midsummer days.



This is the time to plant dahlias

• Although the dahlia lacks fragrance it more than makes up for this weakness by its variety of form, color, and its decorative value.—Says Our Home Gardener

WHILE most Australian dahlia experts do not plant their tubers until November or even December, this is not absolutely necessary unless exhibition flowers are being grown.

In the temperate zones of the world, where the dahlia has been bred and hybridised for about 100 years, the plant is regarded as a true autumn-flowering type. In Australia, however, the dahlia

flowers from late November if tubers are set out early.

Prolonged delay in planting tubers, unless they are most carefully stored and regularly inspected, often results in loss of weight and vigor of the tubers.

Once the tubers make healthy sprouts, the gardener should take nature's hint and plant them without delay. Division of the tuber clumps requires a narrow-bladed, sharp knife, a strong wrist, care, and a little patience, for if the clumps are carelessly split up many good plants may be lost.

Each tuber must carry a shoot or two, or a plump eye. Tubers that are pulled off without even a heel of last season's wood are certain to be "blind," and rarely develop into plants.

They require good soil that was well manured some months previously—and this should have been well rotted. Dig the holes fairly deep and lay each tuber on its side with the shoot pointing nearly upright and nearest to the stake, which should be put into position first and driven in well.

Five to six inches of soil cover is needed, as the plants grow fairly tall and require good anchorage.

When plants are about 12 in. tall, pinch out the top to make them shrubby and the stems thick and sturdy. Do not allow more than two or three stems to develop from the ground.

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The new Tasma "Talkie-Walkie" (it talks as you walk) is no bigger than a camera, yet its tonal quality, volume and range are surprising. Batteries last well and when they require replacing are changed in a jiffy. There's no aerial to fuss with—it's built into the hinged lid.

THE NEW There's even a mirror-finished back to the set—to enable you to adjust your make-up and to assure that your clothes can't be soiled while you walk.

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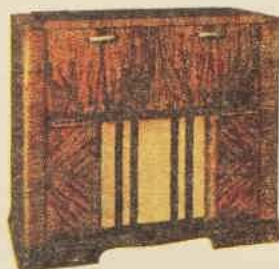


TABLE GRAMO - RADIO: Australia-wide receiver with Golden Voice "tone," and a gramophone, in a compact modern cabinet of true cabinet-maker's art. Price, £53/10/-.



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In a not-too-small mantel you get... inbuilt aerial and pick-up connection... 8-inch acoustically-tuned, console-size speaker... variable tone control... advanced audio circuit with base and treble boost — all conjoining to bring you "tone that belongs to Golden Voice alone." And the gleaming new walnut and ivory fluted plastic cabinet featuring curved Airspex edge-lighting and ventilated enclosed back, really does harmonise and blend with home furnishing decor.

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Fashion PATTERNS



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1094—SPOTTED BLOUSE

The pattern is clearly traced on good quality spun spotted material ready to cut out and sew. The colors are aqua ground, with cherry spot; pale green ground, with navy spot; pale blue ground, with deep blue spot; and lemon ground, with burgundy spot.

Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, price 15/11; 36 and 38in. bust, price 16/4. Postage, 8½d. extra.

1094

No. 1095—BABY'S PILLOW-SLIP

The pattern is clearly traced on good quality Swiss white organdie, ready to embroider. (Lace edge is not supplied.) Size: 11 x 17in., price, 3/3. Postage, 4½d. extra.



1095

No. 1096—TENNIS FROCK

The pattern is clearly traced on good quality white sharkskin, which launders beautifully, and the dress is ready to cut out and sew.

Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, price 29/11 complete; 36 and 38in. bust, price 32/3 complete. Postage, 1/3½ extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notion No. 1094, make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders are accepted.



1096

F5268.—One-piece with a moulded bodice and all-round pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5269.—Smart swimsuit and matching beach coat. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for swimsuit and 3yds. 36in. material for coat. Price, 1/11.

F5270.—Beach or informal party dress has a camisole-shaped bodice top and wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5271.—Small girl's pinafore dress. Sizes, 2 to 4 years, 4 to 6 years, and 6 to 8 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5272.—Three-piece trousseau set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for nightgown, 2yds. 39in. material for slip, and 1yd. 36in. material for scanties, plus 17yds. of ½in. lace edging. Price complete, 3/6.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

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Linda Patricia



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W-6-C

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